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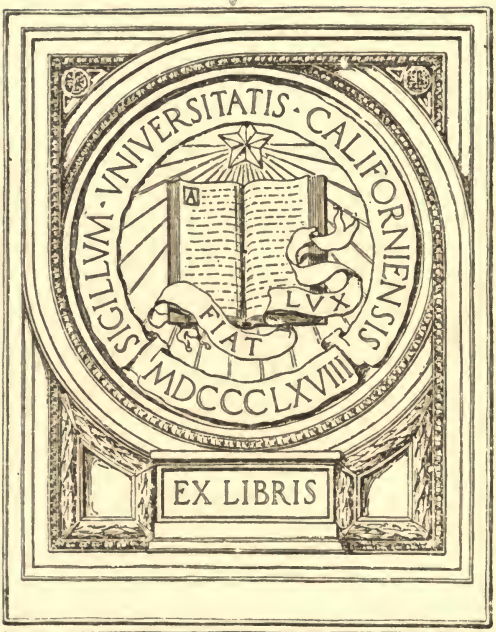
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"RITA"
(*Mrs. Desmond Humphreys*)

[Frontispiece

AMERICA—THROUGH ENGLISH EYES

BY

"RITA"

(Mrs. DESMOND HUMPHREYS)

AUTHOR OF

"PEG THE RAKE," "THAT IS TO SAY—" ETC. ETC.

LONDON

STANLEY PAUL & CO.

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TO

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

WITH

THE SINCERE ADMIRATION OF THE AUTHOR

252995

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PREFACE

A BRIEF two months' experience of American cities, life, manners, habits, and hospitality, is scarce equipment for criticism. One forms opinions which after-results modify. One salutes the Goddess Liberty with respect, and finds oneself laughing in one's sleeve a week later at the free translation of the word "Freedom." One is called upon to admire in one city what is scoffed at in another. But above all one speedily learns that the term "American" is too comprehensive for general use.

New York is not American; assuredly Washington is not American; and only a benighted foreigner would ever so misname Boston. Between all these cities there exists a frantic rivalry and a curiously ingenious diversity of

claims. Yet if each looked into the heart of the other they could not but recognise brotherhood and amity. They would lose sight of foibles, and grow tolerant of mistakes. The factors of national strength are often the products of national weakness, and the true history of America is at once the most romantic and the most extraordinary yet—unwritten.

Here are cities so splendid and so rich that one would expect perfection of civilisation. Yet one finds palaces set beside tenements, and avenues that run into filthy slums. Slavery has been abolished by civil war ; but there is not a factory, or a foundry, or a dockyard, or an emporium that does not own thousands of white slaves, earning hardly a living wage, worked for long toilful hours, herded together like cattle, tricked by politicians, hounded down by legislature, and yet content to wave a bit of coloured rag on Independence Day and call themselves patriots !

The wealth of America is amazing. The

poverty and vice and degradation of America are heart-rending. If the country were not so rich, if dollars were not a blatant fact for ever poured into your ear, for ever appraising every public or private building you admire, every statue, bridge, park, or street you notice, the bewildered tourist might excuse poverty and misrule; might even class them as incidents too universal for drastic criticism. But the loudly uttered boasts, the useless and absurd extravagance and costly idiocies of society, these are things that draw down harsher censure on a new country than on one long founded on traditions, and in a measure bound to uphold them.

In Europe we have feudalism, state, royalty, and aristocracy. America claims none of these. Its sole aristocracy is that of Wealth, and it is not one to be proud of, judged by its proclaimed methods.

If one surveys the great Republic's life through the noble prescience of a Lincoln, or

Washington, it is but to quote Hamlet and murmur: "What a falling-off is there!"

The Republic of their dreams, political, ecclesiastical, and social, is now transformed into a huge iconoclastic machine; a thing of tyranny and cruelty and unsparing greed. The word "millionaire" is no longer expressive enough to acclaim riches. Even a unit with eighteen ciphers scarcely advertises multi-millionairism to the satisfaction of the New York or Chicago standard. New York itself seems to abhor economy in any shape or form. It only believes in glitter, show, and ostentation. The wildest extravagance, and a perpetual advertisement of startling absurdities, mark the deeds of its social world.

If a stranger comes to New York unheralded by the ubiquitous reporter, inclined for comfort, not display, with a desire to study life from an outsider's and not an American's point of view, that stranger is unwelcome. Only the credentials of rank open the door of democracy;

and the cranks and tricks of the wildest madman would be received with acclamation if they meant novelty for a *blasé* society. There is a sort of social insanity in the United States that sets the rest of the world agape. But also it brings down the ridicule and condemnation of calm and sensible minds. Yet the individual American is so thin-skinned that the very fact of unfavourable criticism makes him your lifelong enemy. Give him praise, flattery, admiration, wonder, and he will perhaps lend you a—greenback. Tell him straight that his nation is vulgar, ostentatious, and blind to its own best interests, and he will advise you to "git."

Possibly this is a somewhat sweeping assertion from the point of view of a mere writer; but the three great cities I have seen, and about which I have written the following articles, are sufficiently representative as subjects for such an assertion.

I was told I ought to go to Maine, or Illinois,

or Chicago, or California before I criticised American life or manners, but I concluded that New York and Washington and Boston were very good specimens of the American States, and quite important enough for my attention!

So of these three cities I have written, calling down much wrath, and much criticism, and many vituperative letters from unknown American correspondents by so doing.

I am sorely tempted to publish some of these letters, but for sake of many kindnesses received, and many pleasant friendships made, I refrain from retaliation. Yet I would like to say that no English writer, however severe or however critical, has ever written harsher truths of the Americans than the Americans have written of themselves.

"RITA."

CONTENTS

I

PAGE

Impressions of New York 17

II

Amusements, Sights, and Stores of New York 37

III

The American Press—and Literature . 59

IV

New York Society and Social Functions 79

V

Washington as a Political and Social Centre 97

VI

Boston and Boston Society . . . 115

CONTENTS

VII

PAGE

American Religions 133

VIII

American Marriages 151

IX

American Institutions and Inventions . 171

X

The Grit of the Country 193

XI

Difference between England and America 211

XII

General Reflections 231

I

IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK

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I

IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK

A SENSE of confusion—of disorganisation—is quite inseparable from one's first view of New York, one's first experience of it as a city, and an introduction to American manners, customs, and character. When the confusion subsides, and the calmer forces of a critical attitude are set loose, then one learns that New York is not typically American—only a fragment of that Great Whole represented by the phrase "United States." To visit these States in the course of two, three, or even six months, is of course possible, if one can afford the time. But even then I doubt if the answer to "What do you think of us?" would be satisfactory.

America—as a geographical signification—is

largely comprehensive, and the American, whether national, natural, or imported, is equally comprehensive. He is the product of so many races, creeds, prejudices, and pretences that it is difficult to classify him. This may account for such national virtues as patriotism, political integrity, commercial "'cuteness," and sublime selfishness. The great personal pronoun "I" is in direct evidence when you meet a citizen of the United States. What *I* have said, done, made, invented, purchased, thought, or felt, seems the limit of his conversational ability. Even his physical ailments or shortcomings are introduced by this personal prefix; and because he is American, and America is *the* greatest country in the world, he feels that such personalities are of immense importance.

When I specially desired to confuse an American citizen I would ask him gravely: "Can you tell me where I can meet a *real* American?"

"Why—here; right away," he would answer.

And then I would point out that he was of Dutch, or Russian, or Irish, or French, or Polish, or Scandinavian, or Italian origin. That was not what I wanted. An American with American ancestry, and racial instincts and habits as his prerogative, not the bastard mixture of all sorts of other civilisations. I never met him.

To traverse Broadway from end to end, and examine the names on the stores, on the business offices, the professional chambers, and on every variety of emporium, is to wonder whether you have strayed into a foreign country. The typical American name is conspicuous only by its absence. Who and what the American of "down town" fame is I failed to discover. I believe he is non-existent—or else he has a preference for a foreign *nom de guerre*. For aught we know, modesty may be a national virtue after all!

The fire and flame of the world's criticism have illumined America as they have

illumined no other country. But that is what the American likes. He would rather you abused him than ignored him. Any sort of notice or animadversion is preferable to no notice at all. Possibly that is the reason the Press is given libellous liberty, and the interviewer is permitted the royal prerogative of insolence. I met all sorts and conditions of interviewers and reporters and journalists when I visited the States, but I never met one who had been out of his—or her—country, and usually they were very young. Therefore their ignorance of such old-fashioned virtues as tact or courtesy was excusable. The journalist who is educated on the commercial value of "headlines" and "scarelines" cannot be expected to appreciate half-tones or neutral tints. He has no use for them (to use his own phrase).

There is a class of American who goes away from his country and then judges it by what he has seen and learnt of other countries. There

is also the bigoted patriot who stays at home and affirms that whatever is (American) is right. Anyway, it's "good enough for him."

That phrase is constantly heard. It has a pleasant patriotic twang about it. It sums up the whole spirit of American independence. It is at once the climax of argument, and the justification of prejudice. It throws a halo of golden imagery around the sky-scrapers, and turns the worship of the dollar into a special sacrament. Besides, when you hear that speech you feel you have nothing more to say. If everything American is "good enough" for the Americans, why trouble to criticise them, or attempt to teach them ultra-civilised methods? It is absurd on the face of it, and positively impertinent. We would "put quills out" very quickly if the enlightened New Yorker came over to teach us how to eat eggs, or mix cocktails, or import clams and terrapin, or introduce that modern terror the telephone into our bedrooms. A universal

standard of culture and conduct is as impossible as a universal religion.

The natural beauty of the harbour and surroundings of New York city cannot fail to impress a new arrival. Amidst veiling mists and golden sunlight point after point of loveliness reveals itself. Islands, buildings, bridges, all the achievements of architecture, all the massive effrontery of commercial life, steeples, spires, flagstaffs, sky-scrapers—all these form one long procession of wealth, importance, and ingenuity. No scrap of ground, no fragment of street but is utilised in some way or for some purpose. If a few feet of ground or a few yards of wall are by inadvertence free from laundry embellishment or building operations, they are speedily seized by the bill-poster for advertising purposes.

The " ills that flesh is heir to " are left neither secret nor sacred in the States. You are warned, diagnosed, advised, and prescribed for

in the most obvious and unblushing manner. Fields, rocks, woods, riverside, and park, as well as streets and buildings, seem one huge panorama of advertisement. At night New York is illuminated by electric signs so brilliant, so humorous, and so frequent, that the streets need no other lighting, and thus save the city a considerable outlay. To the American mind advertising is Nature's first law, and profit the second.

There is a special college for the cult of the poster and the electric sign. Ingenuity and audacity are the main points of its curriculum. Go where you may in America you cannot escape the posting advertiser. He is with you from the cradle to the grave. He will instruct, amuse, and advise you all through life's weary journey, if you only give him your attention.

The extraordinary genius of this individual never struck me so forcibly as when I took my first train journey from New York to Washington. The *fields* contained life-sized cows, and

dogs, and human beings! Each was an advertisement of some patent nostrum or another. Each was an aggressive landmark. Each seemed to discount any effort of Nature to please the eye and sense of the traveller. Of course Americans did not make their scenery, but in gratitude to Nature they might leave it alone. They prefer to use it as a background for atrocities committed in the sacred name of business.

To the man of business all else is immaterial. His instincts are gold-coloured, and gold-weighted, and Nature has no meaning or any beauty for his dulled senses; she is only a means to an end—an asset to exploit or commercialise.

Fields mean a Wheat Trust, or a corner in grain, or a bargain pasturage for cattle. Streams and rivers symbolise electric currency, or a fishing monopoly, or the uses of turbine machinery. Even Niagara—that wonder of the world—has not escaped this brutal spirit of embezzlement. It is a huge advertising ground; something to exploit and vulgarise and utilise,

with that spirit of graft and greed which has so largely adulterated the mind of America. A landscape is but the material for scenic advertisement, unmitigated quackery, and commercial enterprise. The American mind is essentially one of utility.

The enormous fortunes of which one hears—and whose solidity is signalised by Fifth Avenue mansions and all the vagaries of Newport and Long Island—could never have been amassed by a people possessed of "fine" feelings or artistic instincts. The very word "artistic" possesses no signification for an American save as designation for a crank. They will tell you this with all possible frankness. They are hard-working, enterprising, ingenious, and unscrupulous, but they are not artistic. If such a useless gift suddenly manifests itself in a member of a family he is deported to Europe—there to drudge at painting, or music, or singing, or "sculpting" to the bitter end of his wasted days!

Almost all American art is the imported product of other countries. Their gorgeous mansions and picture galleries are only a temporary resting-place for treasures purchased by accredited agents, and on show to envious friends for a limited period. There are very, very few painters or sculptors who have taken a prominent place in American history as American artists, and even those few have studied abroad and utilised European methods and models. Possibly too—if their ancestors were traced back far enough—they would be found to be of foreign birth or extraction. Still this is nothing to their discredit. People go to the New World to improve their fortunes, or exploit their ingenuity, and generally succeed. Enterprise and audacity are the best tools for carving the way to success, and the little graces and superficialities of life are therefore thrown aside as useless lumber.

Politeness has no value in the States. It is not a commercial attribute, and is the first

superfluity that the emigrant discards. In a land where all are equal it is useless to be more polite or deferential to one person than to another, and if the coloured man, or the hired girl, or the foreign waiter can do nothing else to show their sense of equality they can at least dispense with anything so superfluous as the prefix of "Sir" or "Madam" when receiving or answering orders and inquiries. The row of black pages and messengers, the bell boy, the chambermaid, the clerk at his desk, the telephone girl at her table, all and each of these address the hotel guest as an equal. They use your own name or nothing. Titles are just "foolishness."

These things come as a surprise at first, but once the fine edge of feeling is blunted you accept impoliteness as a matter of course. It is part of the penalty paid for freedom, and as good a mode as any of proving its value.

Hired service in America (or rather in New York, with which city I am dealing) is one of

its grievances as well as one of its necessities. Good, capable, respectable servants are rare—if indeed they exist at all. And this is only natural when the first lesson America teaches is that of equality.

My chambermaid at the hotel was an example of national effrontery. She hailed from Ireland, of course, and fifteen years of the States had lifted her to a glorious independence of speech and manner. When I ventured to ask her to fasten my dress, she coolly walked across the room and seated herself in the armchair. "You come right along here," she said; "I guess I can do it better sittin' down." And meekly and silently I "came along there," and wondered what my English maid would have said had she heard me addressed in so unceremonious a fashion.

On another occasion I was invited to an afternoon reception. The elevator "shot" me up to the third floor, where my hostess dwelt. The door was opened by the usual "coloured,"

capless girl. I entered the passage of the apartment (no one calls them "flats" in New York, I was told) and inquired for Mrs. A——.

"I guess she's in there," was the answer. "Would you like to ease your head?"

I stared in bewilderment. "*Ease my head?*" I repeated vaguely.

She pointed to my hat. I grasped the situation. But it was only four o'clock in the afternoon, and I imagined that the guests came in hats and ordinary afternoon gowns. I said I preferred to keep it on. She nodded and pointed to a door, and told me to "go right in." I was not shown the way, or announced, or treated to any of our useless servile formalities. "A land of liberty," I said to myself; adding, "and liberties."

The car-conductors of New York may be congratulated on having achieved the last limit of incivility. I never had a civil answer to a question, a civil response to an inquiry for direction, change, or the obligations of a

transfer. Of what nationality or degree the New York car-conductor is, I am hopelessly ignorant, but that he is the rudest, dirtiest, and most disobliging of all the city's servitors I unhesitatingly declare.

I think I disliked going about New York more than I have ever disliked the obligations of sight-seeing in any other city. And for this reason. The tramcar is the universal method of transit. It is a scramble to get in and to get out of it. It is a dirty, dusty, overcrowded, abominable vehicle. However full the car is, the conductor always allows it to get fuller. You hang on to a strap if there is not a vacant seat, and are hustled and pushed, and knocked to and fro, and suffocated with the heat and odours, and pass a time of unequalled misery until you arrive at your particular street. If it happens to rain, things are a degree worse. Of all terrible places commend me to New York on a wet day! The muddy streets, the damp crowds in cars, and "elevated," and subway,

the dripping umbrellas and filthy boots, and general air of misery and depression all make up the acme of discomfort. True that taxicabs are loafing about, but they are the vehicles of the wealthy. You pay fifty cents for the shortest distance, and then the fare accumulates at the rate of ten cents every quarter of a mile. A jerk or a stoppage seems to accelerate the speed of the "ticker," and I have seen the ten cents advance with the mystery of a conjuring trick. I was charged seven dollars to go to Central Park from Thirtysecond Street and back again—about thirty shillings in English money for a distance of ten miles. The Taxi companies seem to run at their own sweet will, and charge what they please. The system of monopoly in America is the death-blow to fairness in any enterprise.

Restaurant life is a great—if not *the* greatest—feature of New York life. Most of the residential population live in hotels, or large apartment houses. There seems to be no home life or

private life as we count it in England. This is of course explained by the limited space of the city, situated as it is on a limited area of land—most of which is required for business purposes, hotels, and places of amusement. Now, apartment life seems to English folk a very uncomfortable state of existence, although its utility is becoming evident in our own large cities. In New York you are an inmate of a huge caravanserai, containing as many as 300 to 400 suites of rooms, each complete in itself and decorated ostentatiously with fire-escapes. The fire-escape is the most prominent feature of New York architecture, and sets its seal of disfigurement on private house or apartment house alike. I do not wonder that people like to get away from these ugly barracks, and take meals in the gaily decorated, sumptuous, and musically cheered restaurants, whose name is legion! They are delightful. Pretty faces, lovely gowns, marvellous hats; life, laughter, gaiety; wonderful food to eat, and wonderful

people to eat it. In twos and threes, in groups and parties the guests assemble, mutually satisfied with escape from their dreary tenements, and bent on having a "good time" of it for one evening at least. Sometimes their high spirits lead them to exaggerations of speech, or raise the pitch of laughter to too high a key to be quite pleasant. But all is genuine, unadulterated pleasure—the American idea of pleasure—highly priced food and plenty of it!

What fortunes the hotels and restaurants of New York must make! No wonder there are so many millionaires in Fifth Avenue! Even such trifles as ice-creams, and "candy" have brought in uncountable dollars to their fortunate inventor or exploiter. How much more may not the restaurant-manager hope for, with his 100 and 200 per cent profit on more solid articles of food!

II

AMUSEMENTS, SIGHTS, AND STORES OF NEW YORK

II

AMUSEMENTS, SIGHTS, AND STORES OF NEW YORK

"A TRAVELLER without observation is like a bird without wings," says the Eastern proverb, but the traveller who could face the wonders, or walk the streets of New York city without observing anything remarkable would have to be blind and deaf and brainless. Not only is it unique in point of construction, locomotion, and attraction, but it is emphatically desirous of bringing such points to your immediate notice, and in the shortest possible space of time.

Do you desire amusement? The very walls of the city, the shores of the river, the street car, and the street itself are alive with announce-

ment and invitation. The very genius of inventiveness is set free and untrammelled to work its will in the Great Republic, and if theatrical syndicates don't reap its advantages, it is assuredly not the fault of the posters! They are marvels of the startling, the shocking, and the sensational. If they don't grip your attention and arouse your curiosity then you lack something you would be the better for possessing. The theatrical advertisements in the daily or evening journals are comparatively insignificant, but the theatrical advertisements in the streets of New York city supply all needs. They arrest your notice, stun you with their realistic reality, amaze, delight, or disgust you, according to your trend of mind. But it is difficult to avoid their invitation, and you have to go to theatre after theatre to find that the poster is not the piece after all.

One thing impressed me about American theatrical productions. It was their excellent *ensemble*. You rarely saw a star shining alone.

You saw a supported star, a well-surrounded and illuminated star, a star where other stars—even the smallest—scintillated and sparkled their very best, giving the effect of well-planned brilliance—not mere subordinate limelight. In *Jimmy Valentine*, in *The Chorus Lady*, and *The Fortune Hunter*, this *ensemble* was specially noticeable. In *Madame X*, and in *Little Eyolf*, one was confronted by "star" parts, ostensibly important. Yet Miss Donelly or Madame Nazimova would have fared badly had they been less a part of a whole than the whole itself. The entire company played up to them, and with them, in a manner deserving of all praise.

The Amsterdam Theatre in New York is a very beautiful and artistic building, and the rich, sombre tone of the interior is very impressive. It looks a home of tragedy and fine drama. One cannot fancy the frivolities of a *Dollar Princess*, or *A Girl with the Whooping-cough* on that stage. But just as there are fine pieces and fine presentations in the New

York theatres, so there are bad ones and poor ones, and indecencies and imbecilities that degrade both the profession and the producers. The typical American piece is lavishly adorned with American humour—in other words, slang. This slang is perpetually changing and reornamenting its picturesque forcibility; so much so that even an American theatrical audience is sometimes puzzled as to what an actor means. Of course in the music hall or in the conventional musical comedy, "gag" is largely introduced. Often the inventiveness of the slang phraseologist is his sole tribute to fame.

New York possesses a wonderful Hippodrome, with a gigantic stage, on which three separate performances can be given at the same time. It is almost impossible to hear a single word said on the stage, possibly owing to the size of the building, or its acoustic deficiencies. It grieved me to see our well-known little French clown, Marcel, trying to be funny as of yore, and failing to attract any special atten-

tion. I was told that he had been lured from London by a large salary, and had left our Hippodrome for that of New York. But most assuredly he is not appreciated there, nor did he receive the ovations and applause I had known him to receive in London.

While on amusement bent, I was invited to pay a visit to Coney Island. It is one of the "sights" of New York, just as the Bowery and Chinatown are sights. My friends motored me down on a Sunday evening, that being the evening *par excellence* for hilarity and mixed crowds.

We arrived somewhere about six o'clock, and first drove from end to end of the long street, with its garish buildings, its beer gardens and restaurants, its shows and shops, rinks, shooting-galleries, and dancing-saloons. The crowds were tremendous; the noise deafening. We left the automobile and sauntered from place to place—a pandemonium of braying bands, brass trumpets, shouting voices, and hilarious con-

fusion. Nothing that I had ever seen in the way of seaside exuberance—even in Cockney Margate—came within approachable distance of Coney Island; and when the various buildings, and merry-go-rounds and shops and eating places were illuminated the scene was absolutely unique!

Surely "Luna Park" must have been the original of our "White City." It was the White City again, only on a louder, more blatant, and more vulgar scale, as befits the taste of the New York citizen when on pleasure bent. There were the familiar domes and pinnacles and fairy edifices, the mimic bridges, and painted scenery, all illuminated by countless electric lights; conspicuous in colourless purity, dedicated to amusement, and "catch-penny" entertainments.

Seaside places in America are called "beaches," and I strolled to the piers and bathing-houses in order to form some idea of what these beaches were like. One would imagine that

the vaunted American modesty would shun the bathing publicity of such a resort as Coney Island, but apparently such is not the case.

A curious feature of America is that when you visit any special place in order to form an opinion of it, people immediately beg you *not* to form an opinion, and especially *not* to consider that place representative; so I shall only say that Coney, and West Brighton and Manhattan Beaches, and even Revere Beach at Boston, are merely democratic playgrounds for the people, and must not be judged as we would judge—say Scarborough, or Brighton.

Coney was in wild spirits that Sunday night. It danced and yelled, and rode the steam horses, and "shooted the Chute," and screamed through the Scenic Railway trips, and devoured sausages and "clam-chowders" by the thousand, and generally proved itself to be the irresponsible, noisy, hilarious thing that neither cares nor asks for criticism. The restaurants were all crowded, for to the American sight-seer food is

the chief joy of sight-seeing. Considering the prices asked and given for a moderate repast, I found myself wondering how these people could afford it. But they tossed dollar notes about as if they were semi-millionaires, and all that the "best girl" demanded, the "best boy" paid for cheerfully. I hoped his employer's safe or cheque-book would not suffer in the near future! One heard sad stories of defaulters and dishonest clerks and enterprising forgeries at the Tombs prison.

As the night went on the gaiety and the noise increased. After two hours of wandering and inspecting I was thankful to go home, carrying away a splitting headache and disordered nerves as my tribute to the joys of Coney Island. Looking back at the illuminations as we sped along, we saw a wonderful sight—curves and colours all dazzling and shimmering under the dark night sky; in the distance the steely blue of the ocean, and the sound of the breaking surf. New York is fortunate in

possessing these resorts within easy distance of the city. What would hard-working and office-bound classes do in the hot weather if it were not for such places, and their accessibility ?

I visited the Bowery and Chinatown before I left New York. Bleecker was pointed out to me as a strong and brutal contrast to that portion of the city with which I was already acquainted. Crude and terrible is the contrast between this district and the Madison and Fifth Avenue quarters. One portion has been so closed over by the Elevated station that no sunlight can penetrate. Gloom, dirt, poverty, misery—all sound their melancholy note in the funeral march of life, as life must be lived there ! A place to haunt one, to torment one's memory, to make one ask, " Can nothing be done ? " Apparently nothing can—or is. Worse even than our London slums was this fœtid, crowded district of sin and squalor. And New York the richest city in the world !

Chinatown was like anything but the Chinatown I had expected! I was persuaded into a restaurant, very clean and very beautifully appointed as far as its furniture and decorations. (I cannot say much for its table service!) Here we were expected to order "chop-suey"—a compound that may be Americanised-Chinese for aught I know. It consists of meat or chicken chopped fine and mixed with all sorts of vegetables. It is served hot in a small tureen, and is by no means an unappetising dish. I visited the kitchens and found everything beautifully clean and well ordered. From the restaurant we went to the joss-house, or temple, and were welcomed by an ancient priest, who shook his own hands instead of ours, and bowed and "genuflexed" till I feared he would never rise to the perpendicular again.

The guide showed us the Shrine, a massive and gorgeous affair, with a painting of a Chinese god at the back. The priest laid a rug down before this shrine, and said a Chinese prayer on

my behalf. I think it cost a dollar; but I was prepared to accept its benefits—provisionally.

All sorts of quaint and beautiful things are sold in the Chinese shops, the prices varying according to the apparent rank or appearance of the purchaser. It is advisable never to give what is first asked, if you have a spare half-hour for bargaining.

Next I demanded to be shown an opium den. I had read "Edwin Drood" and other works dealing with the opium victim, but I had never had an opportunity of seeing a place where the habit—or vice—could be carried on with impunity. In Chinatown I was taken to three houses, or rather rooms, where opium smoking was indulged in. In the first a woman and a young girl were lying on a bed. The woman was blowing at a long pipe, and twirling a tiny pill of the opium into requisite softness for smoking, or inhaling, or whatever it is they do; concentrating its red spark so that the light fell on her withered, brown face and lean, trembling fingers.

The girl was in a sodden stupor, gazing at nothing with blank, unseeing eyes. Possibly she was in the drowsy, half-senseless condition the drug induces.

In the second room we visited, the pipe was blowing at full blast, and the smokers lay in languid attitudes on a not very clean bed: a man and a woman, the man a Chinese, the woman a white woman; degraded into slavery or servitude as are half the feminine population of Chinatown. Possibly the law winks at all this because it is helpless to alter it. Only an earthquake or a fire could do *that.*

The fumes of opium in this last room were sickening. I took one hasty look, and then retreated to the door.

At a third place only one Chinaman was indulging in the drug, and a woman showed us the pipe and the way of mixing the opium pill. There seems to be a special art about it. Not one of these people addressed a word to us, or seemed to mind our inspection. They looked simply dazed and indifferent.

We descended the rickety stairs and came out into the narrow street. It was crowded with Chinese, and slatternly white women. Badly lit, dirty, and yet possessing a certain picturesqueness as distinctly foreign to New York city as anything could be.

"There are seven thousand Chinese in New York and Brooklyn," said our guide.

I don't know how many Brooklyn accommodates, but I estimated that about seven hundred would fairly crowd Chinatown!

The theatre was closed, so we passed on to the Bowery. There is no other street in the whole United States like it. Possibly no other country in the world could show its equal. A sample of every civilised nation is represented there. Every sort of language seems to be spoken, and one hustles, or is hustled by, Greeks, Turks, Italians, Russians, Dutch, German, Swedes, Poles, Hungarians, and a large element of foreign Jews. The families seemed to be taking the air on their various doorsteps, and

the streets were crowded with children and dogs, and slatternly women. Most of the shops were open, as of course were all the eating-houses and "liquor saloons."

Still farther afield and eastward—as befits the Jewish alien—we came to the Judea of New York. Streets of tenements, five, six, or seven stories high, each crowded from basement to eaves with tribal descendants. Here the German and Polish and Russian and Hebrew Jew has his abiding-place. But all are Jews first, and American citizens afterwards. Here utility and industry, meanness and hereditary instincts set themselves to lay foundation-stones of future fortunes. Each hard-wrung dollar is as an asset for Wall Street, and millionairism.

The amusements and the interests of New York are largely concerned with its wonderful Stores.

In England we classify all selling emporiums

as "shops," but the word "shop" is not half comprehensive enough for the American mind. I am not surprised at it. Such stores as John Wanamaker's, Lord & Taylor's, Sach's, and Macey's, are simply marvels. Everything the shopper can desire is collected, classified, and displayed under one roof. Every department is significant, and arranged with that eye to effect and labour-saving ingenuity so typically American. They are the most fascinating, tempting, and fatiguing places one could desire. Possibly the fatigue is occasioned by their vastness, their bewildering and luxurious variety of goods, and their indifferent and impolite service.

It seems a matter of absolute indifference to an American shop-girl whether you purchase anything or not. It is not her affair. She likes to look like the last freak in prize *coiffuring*, the last phase of throat development, or shirt-waist eccentricity, but she does not like to serve you, or be dragged from her gossip and

confidences with other young ladies of the counter. Of course she *will* serve you if you insist upon it, but she is haughty and ungracious and brusque, and such an expression as "thank you" is part of a foreign language she has never acquired. No shop-girl (or should I say "Store Duchess"?) ever addresses you as "Madam" or "Ma'am." That is a meaningless civility for which, again, the American has no use. Democracy, liberty, and equality, have banished politeness. All the little courtesies to which Europeans are accustomed have no place and no meaning in the States. But it is surprising how soon one gets used to the omission, and even begins to imitate it. I found myself dispensing with "please" or "thank you," or "may I trouble you?" before I had spent two weeks in America. Why give more than you get? I was in the Land of Freedom, and everything that savoured of servility seemed out of place.

But to return to these magnificent Stores.

No fault could be found with them except their prices. I used to amuse myself by straying from counter to counter, and department to department, questioning the price of various articles of dress, or millinery, or trimming. I must candidly say that in *every* instance I found the price would be almost double what I should have paid for the same thing in England. Dress goods, fancy goods, gloves, laces, belts, even hosiery were expensive luxuries, so it seemed. No wonder the American man has to work so hard in order to supply his feminine belongings with the wherewithal to make themselves charming! Not but what they are well worth it. American women are magnificent advertisements of dress and millinery. Their hats were a never-ceasing joy to me, and their dainty, exquisite gowns might make a Parisian sigh with envy! No husband or father could be hard-hearted enough to refuse to decorate these birds of Paradise with suitable plumage, and no "store" worthy the name

but catered for their adornment to the very highest limit of expenditure!

I used to wonder what the average American (I mean New York American) woman spent on dress. Not the millionairess, but the professional man's wife, or the wife of a business man in the "down-town" district of Broadway, or the commercial centre of Wall Street. Perhaps such things are best left to the imagination.

Fifth Avenue has adopted a more exclusive system than that of the Broadway store. It has given almost a Parisian touch to its shops, with their large windows, and their one or two model gowns, or exquisite hats, exhibited as solitary effects. In fact Fifth Avenue is a decided hint of the Champs Elysées, and is better suited to European tastes—though possibly not to their purses. Still, all said and done, the New York stores are wonders of utility and splendour, and one of their great advantages is the freedom allowed to customers. You may

wander from end to end unpursued by the fussy shopwalker of London fame with that eternal "What is your pleasure, madam?" You may loiter at counters, and examine goods, and handle, touch, disarrange as you please, and no one seems to mind. Isn't this a joy to the feminine shopper? What matters anything else—even the prices, or the indifference of the curled and coiffured young lady behind the counter?

Let me parody the American's favourite phrase and say: "Give me a New York store for shopping all the time!"

III

THE AMERICAN PRESS—AND LITERATURE

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THE AMERICAN PRESS—AND LITERATURE

OF all the extraordinary and novel experiences with which the United States confronts one, the American newspaper is perhaps the most extraordinary. In comparison with our English journals and their dignified, unpretentious methods, the daily press of New York, Chicago, Boston, and other cities is as a clap of thunder to a summer shower. Sensation and scandal are the keynotes of American journalism. It is not so much what they say —its truth, or its falsehood—it is the *way* in which they say it, that is so startling.

There are about three reliable and well-conducted newspapers in New York. It is not

necessary to mention them. They stand out as examples; but the "yellow journals," the scandal purveyors, and city scavengers are an object-lesson in "what to avoid."

"Who runs them—who is responsible for them?"—I used to ask, with that desire for information inseparable from the traveller's instinct.

I was informed that they were the pastime of millionaires, the solace of retired stock-brokers, or the speculation of enterprising Jews. They are run on the most scandalous principles, and with a perpetual invitation for libel actions that every victim seems afraid to bring. If he did—"a worse thing might befall him." Of course scandal is merely called an "exposure"—the plain truth of some legal transgression, or attempted crime, or moral degradation.

The first hint of anything wrong in a country, a government, a household, or a business is the signal for rushing into print with

a "story." The news leaps at you full-fanged and vicious. It bites and foams, and rages and tears at facts or inventions, until the "exposure" is ground into the dust of public contempt. If untrue there is no redress, for the greater the scandal of the journal the more exclusive is the editorial torture-chamber, and the editor will merely refer an aggrieved complainant to the "department" established for discovering hidden criminality, and unearthing the secrets of the Great. To bring an action for libel against any member of this department, or against the journal itself, is just what the proprietor would desire, for an action in the courts means wholesale advertisement, larger sales, and increased reputation for sensations. Hence the submissive attitude of the libelled American.

It is better to sit still and grind one's teeth under misapprehension than stand out and challenge the offender, for when mud is set flying some of it splashes the whitest reputation, and some of it sticks to the un-

worthiest. Let alone, it may sink or stagnate or be forgotten. So a libel action against a "yellow journal" is almost unknown. Of course the whole contents are not libellous; a great deal is very amusing, as well as absolutely untruthful. But these are mere incidents of American journalism not worth considering.

The general public don't believe a word they read in certain newspapers—the value of "scare-lines" is too well known; but the stranger and the traveller, or the wondering tourist, reads them—impelled by curiosity—and does believe them, because his mind is simple and his journalistic education has been conducted on sane and reputable lines.

The contrast between the English and foreign press, and the American, is positively startling. We of European tastes have been accustomed to *read* our news, not to have it hurled, forced down, and flung at us by sheer force of Titanic type-lines and crude

announcement. Do Americans *need* this kind of journalism? Do they like it? I used to ask these questions very often. But I only found an answer in the shrug of a shoulder, or the aphorism that a need usually means a supply. Heaven knows there is supply enough of blood-curdling fiction and insolent personalities in the journals of the United States to satisfy double its population!

Criticism of the American press naturally leads to a remark on the American interviewer. He and his notebook are on the spot as the "liner" comes into dock, and he and his notebook make a visit to the country purgatorial to any one who dislikes, and yet is considered deserving of, public notice. The reporter cannot understand such a dislike. It seems foolish and unpractical. To refuse the gratuitous advertisement of an interview, with all its interesting (?) personalities, and criticism, and explanations would mean the suicide of celebrity. The reporters who surround you at the Custom House,

and turn your room-telephone at the hotel into a never-ending nuisance, are too kind-hearted to permit such wanton waste of opportunity. They dodge you and follow you, and haunt you, and write to you, until at last you agree to let them have the "few words," or the "valued opinion," for which they are so anxious. And then——

Well, *then* you wish you hadn't! For the things said *of* you are proverbially unflattering, and the things said *for* you are proverbially untrue!

After a course of interviewing in various notable cities of the States, I said to an interviewer, "Why do you trouble to ask *my* opinion on a particular subject, when all you desire is that I should voice your own?"

For really that is what most interviews mean. That you should express more or less fully, and ungrammatically, the particular point of view from which the reporter judges a particular subject. It may be the corpulence of American

women, the sartorial deficiencies of the American man, the crudities of divorce, the negligence of maternal duties, the craze for "candy," or the importance of pet dogs. All or any of these serve for an interview. The interviewer provides the topic, and if you do not say what he wants, why, he simplifies the matter by saying it for you!

To complain of unveracity on the part of a male or female interviewer is a mere waste of time. No editor troubles about *that*, or cares whether you are annoyed or indignant. He runs his paper in order that sensational fictions should procure readers, and his reporters are better judges of what suits its columns and supplies its headlines than are the victims of the interviewer's art.

The woman-interviewer is a few degrees more untruthful and more exaggerative than the man!

She had a way of pouncing upon me at luncheon or dinner-time in the restaurant, or

waylaying me in corridors and passages, or playing on my feelings by imploring and tearful letters. Any means, any subterfuge was excusable, if only she could go back to her journal's offices armed with the results of a "personal interview." I might rage as I pleased at the printed result. I was helpless. The mischief was done, and might be syndicated broadcast without any one being warned that it was absolutely untrue, or exaggerated beyond any likeness to my original intention.

What a curious trait it is in the character of American journalists and journal readers, that desire for *personalities!* In England we state facts and their source, and possibly any names of importance connected with them; but the American must have not only the facts and the names, but the social conditions and private opinions of the individual for which such names stand. No news seems worth chronicling unless it is personal news, personally illustrated, and giving to the reader the physiognomy of the

person criticised, or reported, or reviled. I wonder if this curiosity is to be accounted for by the large admixture of Irish blood throughout the Land of Liberty, for the curiosity of the Irish is one of their most marked characteristics. They would rather know *who* you were than *what* you did, however high your name stood on the records of art or literature. The American seems to have grafted this trait on to his own national virtues. He wants to know all your personal affairs as well as your public actions. Whether you are of any special social standing, or are married, or divorced, or have ever been concerned in legal or criminal matters is a thousand times more important than your intellectual achievements. It is the same Irish trait repeated—*personal* curiosity garbed as interest, and let loose wholesale in the predatory columns of second-class journals.

I do not want to seem too hard a critic on the journalism of the United States, so my remarks must be taken as the result of my limited edu-

cation in such matters. I speak from the standpoint of insular prejudice, and a long-established rule that the private life and affairs of a man or woman are his or her affairs—not for the world at large, not for the sensational columns of the press, not for the interviewer's ribald handling or impertinent curiosity. Such old-fashioned prejudices must necessarily clash with transatlantic freedom; but there they are—prejudices implanted and cultured as are all "fine" feelings and delicate instincts, the result of past centuries of training, and therefore unable to accept without comment the rough-and-ready methods of a more advanced civilisation.

The American magazine is a decided improvement on the American journal. It is usually well edited, and beautifully illustrated, and its contents are full of interest or excitement.

The American author seems to have a *flair* for the short story. The sharp drawing together of incidents, the dramatic descriptions, and

crisp dialogue combine to hold and interest the reader. The number of magazines and periodicals published weekly and monthly in the States is enormous. I fail to see how so busy and occupied a nation ever finds time to read half of them. And when to this enormous outcome of popular fiction is added the daily paper, and the Sunday paper (about twelve times the size of any English newspaper), one wonders where reading-space for the novel comes in. Yet I was told by a publisher that four thousand * novels are published every year! More than ten a day.

And English novelists are aggrieved because they are not wanted!

The American author, like the American journal, is good enough for the Americans. Hence they have framed a strong copyright law for the said author's protection, to the exclusion

* I have since been informed that two thousand is nearer the mark. But I had a noted publisher's word for my first statement.—(Author).

of such English and foreign interlopers as object to literary piracy.

The American novel is, I imagine, typical of American life and character. Most of them are too full of slang phraseology or provincial dialect to suit English tastes. I was presented with a variety of American authors to read on the steamer coming home. I cannot say I found any of them very interesting save "Senator North" and the "Tower of Ivory," both by Gertrude Atherton, and she is not a typical American author.

I appreciate American humour of the Mark Twain order, the polished cynicisms of Edgar Saltus, and the quips of Alan Dale; but I confess that Robert W. Chambers, and Edith Wharton, and John Fox, Jnr. and their kind bore me beyond description. The quaint phraseology is instructive should I ever desire to paint an American character. I learnt from one book that an American financier considers it "smart" to cheat any one. The

expression was that he'd "go into a scheme on a shoe-string"—in reality with nothing save his consummate bluff, and his limited wardrobe! As far as morals are concerned the pattern American husband seems as great a literary fraud as the typical American maiden. Sidelights of revelation were thrown on both, and disclosures of lax morality made one wonder whether the writers were fictional or truthful.

Upton Sinclair seemed to be boycotted in literary circles. Whenever I spoke of "The Jungle" or "The Metropolis" they were cold-shouldered out of literary pretensions. However much an American appreciates drastic criticism of any national vice or error, he does not like to show that appreciation to a foreigner. And really so great are the differences between our transatlantic cousins and ourselves that we might almost stand as "foreigners" to them. Their methods of business, their mode of life and

speech, their manners and customs, houses, servants, and entertainments, all possess no likeness to European conceptions of similar things. I soon found that the best way of making friends and becoming "popular" was to accept them as I would a foreign nation—to judge them entirely from *their* standard, never from our own. This method succeeded quite well, except in instances where people demanded to be criticised on English grounds as counterparts (or improvements) of their effete ancestry. Then—there were arguments.

I visited and was entertained at many private houses (or should I say—mansions ?) while in America, but I cannot remember seeing a library in any of them, or finding books left about on tables or shelves as if meant to be read. In fact it seemed to me no one could have time for reading, so numerous were the social occupations of the American woman, so engrossing the business engagements of the commercial or professional man. Still, I suppose

some one bought or read a certain number of the $1.50 and 25-cent volumes I used to see piled on counters of the stores, or filling the windows of Brentano's. Possibly the American reads in the privacy of his or her own bedroom, and does not care to "litter" parlour or boudoir with garish-covered or garish-pictured volumes.

It was part of my duty in visiting the States to interview or be interviewed by publishers. I found them the most level-headed and hard-hearted of the professional type. It was from no literary standpoint that they judged one's work—only from the commercial. No matter how puerile or indecent or immoral a book was, they only questioned its possible sales. By the numbers of what you sold (even if it was garbage fit for the gutter) the publisher judged your worth.

Some of the books chronicling "largest sales in United States" made me open my eyes with wonder. I remarked to more than one publisher that I had always heard the Americans were

most "straight-laced," and, in fact, prudish in their literary tastes. How, then, was it that authors one could certainly *not* call reputable, sold their works in the unblushing security of bargain counters and book stores?

"Oh! that's all nonsense," was the answer. "The American reader wants to be amused all the time. He don't want to *think*." Then he looked at the volume I had brought to his notice as my apology for taking up his valuable time. "This is a *fine* work," he went on, "but it won't suit us over here. It would make us *think*." *

I soon found that the publisher's opinion was not the general opinion. People were enormously agitated by the idea that they were only allowed books suited to childish, sexual, or immature intelligence! I made a point of repeating the astute publisher's opinion wherever I went. It used to raise a perfect hornet's

* Calvary: A Tragedy of Sects. By "Rita."

nest of discussion. Possibly it is still going on.

Americans are very touchy on the subject of intellectual inferiority, despite the proofs afforded by their literature and their drama. But possibly, as they have "corners" in grain and in minerals and food-stuffs, so also they have a "corner" for brains, and keep them there and deal with them as a speciality. In Boston and Washington intellectual capacity is a social distinction. In New York and Chicago it stands a few degrees lower than commercial "'cuteness," or the breeding of hogs!

IV

NEW YORK SOCIETY AND SOCIAL FUNCTIONS

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WINTER is the New York season. By May, the Fifth Avenue mansions and the various suites and apartments rented by the social dignitaries ot the city are shut up and deserted. I arrived in April—just catching the " tail-end " of a few last functions, such as receptions, luncheons, and weddings. Among the latter was the Drexel-Gould marriage. It is worth mention.

I had read and heard much on this side the herring-pond of the way a fashionable American wedding is conducted, and the excitement it creates. Fresh in my memory lay the reports of the Roxburgh marriage and its scenes. I

wondered if the Drexel-Gould affair would be a repetition. It was. It possibly exceeded in extravagant display and public interest its famous predecessor. The reporters, male and female, had a "lovely time." They rioted in descriptions of the church, the trousseau, the presents, and the ceremony both before and after the marriage had taken place. The scene in Fifth Avenue on the eventful afternoon was something never to be forgotten. Thousands of crazy, hysterical women, and helpless men, squads of mounted and disregarded police, all seething, struggling, fighting, shrieking, under the pouring rain, and crowding the muddy street in order to see—what? A commonplace young man and young woman get in and out of a motor-car—for that was all they could see.

To me, as a stranger to New York ways and customs, it was quite immaterial that Miss Margery Gould possessed a huge fortune, or that Mr. Anthony Drexel was not an impecunious

English peer, but I *was* surprised to see a church turned into a floral theatre, and to find that the seats reserved for millionaires and their wives represented the social grade of their respective incomes!

The behaviour of the senseless crowd, and the extraordinary antagonism it displayed to anything like order, decency, or police intervention, was an amazing spectacle. Women fought with their umbrellas like wild cats. Some of them had made their way into the church through an adjoining chapel on pretence of attending a funeral service that, strange to say, preceded the wedding "function." Once in the building, they proceeded to strip off flowers and ribbons as souvenirs in a manner befitting the genus Hooligan. They had to be turned out by police, and even then were not content till they had "stormed" the bride's motor.

How I pitied that unfortunate bride and bridegroom! Why did they not get married

privately, and then send a dressmaker's show figure and a tailor's dummy to go through the public ceremony? This is a suggestion offered for future American marriages.

My American friends were annoyed at my criticism of this wedding and its methods. As usual they said "You must not judge of *us* by *this*." But I was getting used to that formula. If I did not judge of an American crowd by a crowd, or an American millionairess's wedding by a representative millionairess and her family—how in the name of wonder was I to judge of such things? After all, what I said—or say—as an onlooker is mild enough compared to the criticisms and comments of the reporters, and the "Yellow Press."

There are only two ways of conducting a marriage ceremony. It is something sacred and exclusive, or it is a theatrical show designed for public edification. Society seems to prefer the latter, and therefore delicacy and restraint are banished from the programme. The affair

becomes a ceremony, a function, and the people I pity with my whole heart are the unfortunate principals in the business; no matter whether they are of blood royal, or merely millionaires!

Another wedding I attended in New York was less pretentious than the Drexel-Gould affair. Still it gave me the impression of a "show-piece" on the stage. The solemn-faced ushers giving an arm to the lady guests, and conducting them from the church door to their seats; the lavish floral decorations; the well-drilled, formal wedding "procession," all carefully rehearsed beforehand, made up a curious spectacular effect in no way concerned with the binding obligations there represented.

Then followed the ordeal of the reception, where the tired, flushed bride and bored and wearied groom had to stand for hours under a canopy of palms, or a huge bell of flowers, and shake hundreds of hands and give and receive kisses and congratulations, and then be subjected to the tricks and devices of the ingenious

"ushers" in order to delay departure, or prevent confidences!

"Truly, a strange people," I said to myself.

Luncheons and "teas" in New York, at the Plaza, the Waldorf, Delmonico's, or in private houses or clubs, did not interest me very much except as a surprise at the absence of men. No American—I ask pardon—New York man attends any "function" until the evening. He is too busy making money, commercially or professionally; but the women take so much pains to entertain each other and their guests that one scarcely notices the omission. Also, they have the good sense to dress as carefully and expensively for their own sex as the women of Europe deem necessary for the other. Still, I must confess to some natural surprise at the absence of men. Not that I consider the American man an ornamental addition to room or restaurant. When young he is so badly dressed as to be an affront to

critical eyes; when middle-aged he is corpulent and unhealthy-looking as well. The ill-fitting clothes of American men were a never-ending source of wonder to me. It seems impossible for their coats to fit without shoulder cushions, or their trousers to set straight to the boot without bulging and bagging, and collecting mud and dust all the time. And few Americans understand the proper use of the dinner coat, or know when to wear a white tie. I have seen a grey tie and a grey vest worn with a dress coat!

But again, few Englishwomen dress as well as their American sisters, so it keeps the balance even. For English men *do* dress a hundred times better than their American—cousins.

Society in New York is a curious admixture of "sets." There is first the wealthy Fifth Avenue set, then the wealthy Jewish set, then the professional middle-class set, then the intellectual set; then come the various cults, or,

as some call them, "freaks." These are remarkable for some special fad, and that fad is trotted out and talked to death and made as much of a nuisance as people will stand. But American patience seems unlimited.

There is also a distinct "smart set" in New York largely concerned with expensive freaks and novel notions; the "Potter Palmers" of social life, whose one aim and object it is to get talked of, paragraphed, and advertised into "headline" notoriety. It was not my happy fate to come into personal touch with these celebrities. They had gone to their summer homes or to Europe, and left New York an unillumined desert.

The dinner-parties I went to were quite unembellished by eccentricity, and notable for the excellence of cooking and the exquisite table glass, which I was always told had "come from Europe." I was surprised to find so few flowers used either for table decoration or about the living-rooms. Flowers have different uses

in America. They become corsage bouquets, parting gifts when you depart on a train or steamship, ball-room and wedding decorations; but the familiar bowl and vase of blooms, to which English eyes are accustomed in the simplest homes, were rarely to be seen. Possibly the apartment house is to blame for this. Also gardens are non-existent, and flowers an expensive luxury in cities. Florists' shops are rarely seen in New York. Some that I saw in Fifth Avenue were most beautifully appointed and arranged, but the less said about their prices the better.

I was entertained by several Women's Clubs in New York and other cities. I met an astonishing number of brilliant, intellectual, and professional women: doctors, dentists, artists, writers, journalists, heads of colleges and departments, heads of all sorts of institutions and organisations, leaders of political and social movements—in fact women who did everything

except bear the maternal honours of womanhood.

For *that*, I suppose, they had no time; or was it inclination? They found a public career so absorbing and so interesting that it left no desire for the homely, simple joys of mere feminine life. Or, again, was it the apartment house that was to blame? For the model landlords of model dwellings have a rooted objection to families—young families. No tenant with even one or two babies is as desirable as the tenant with none. It seems rather a cold-blooded way of disposing of responsibilities, but there it is; one of the crying evils of ultra-civilised America, even as it is of decadent France.

It is only on looking back at my American experiences that I am reminded I never saw a *young* American child in any home or household that I visited. I saw weird, fragile creatures, with pallid faces and huge ribbon-bows, who, I believe, were "little girls," but they were

not young. Their speech and manners were those of adult years and tragedies. *They had to grow up to be young.*

The American child is one of the saddest of beings, and as atrociously dressed as are the French. The little girl seems to have no hair. Her head merely represents huge ribbon bows that dwarf her face and figure into insignificance. The American boy has the weirdest and strangest of garments, and his hats are modelled on his father's. The effect is positively ludicrous to English eyes. Yet I wonder whether our simply dressed youngsters, in their sailor suits and knickerbockers, our rosy, bouncing girls, with their loose, flowing hair, and neat, short frocks, look absurd to American eyes? Maybe they do; but I never heard such an opinion expressed by any American woman who had visited Europe.

Yet it surprised me to see how the sallow-faced child blossomed into the porcelain-skinned beauty representative of American girlhood.

From seventeen to twenty-five the American girl is nearly always a pretty girl—sometimes a beautiful one; never an uninteresting one. She is a national product and a commercial asset. Her value is unique, her charm all her own. She has made for herself a world-wide reputation, and she deserves it.

It seems strange at first to English ideas to note the absolute freedom of the American girl. She goes about by herself, she forms her own circle of friends, her own interests and amusements; she gives her own parties, orders and selects her own *toilettes*, and treats her parents' home very much as if it were an hotel. She is at once the most enlightened and independent example of feminine caprice ever evolved by civilisation. Possibly this is, again, a result of liberty. The American parent dare not be false to the first principles of the American constitution, therefore respect and obedience to parents form no part of childhood's obligation.

The independence of the American character is, I imagine, largely the result of its undisciplined freedom in early life.

I was asked once for my opinions on the co-education of boys and girls in American schools. I could not perceive that it had any advantages. I think girls and boys require separate training and separate education except in the very early stages of school life. To bring them up together, as is so largely the custom in the country districts and smaller towns of the States, means little good and possibly much harm. It may also account for the free-and-easy manner in which young men and young women treat each other. They cannot forget school squabbles, and intellectual inequalities. The one sex has no chivalry; the other no ideals. Of course such things are not absolutely necessary to after-life as a career or an experience. Still, they have occasional advantages, and there *are* natures the poorer for their loss

even in the great and glorious Republic of America.

American hospitality and kind-heartedness are world-famed. The stranger is not long "a stranger in their gates" if he—or she—possesses any claims to notability. Their houses (apartment) are thrown open to you, their automobiles fetch and carry you, their friends are bidden to assemble and welcome you. Their time and their services and their advice are given you freely, and all this done with a kindly, unostentatious sincerity that is the truest translation of their word "cordial." What a charming word it is! "Cordially" yours, "cordially" welcome are employed in contradistinction to our cool, stand-off signatures. Are they as unmeaning?

At all American receptions and "functions" the hostess introduces each guest personally to the celebrity of the occasion, and then to the other guests. This is a very fatiguing ceremony. We have long dispensed with it on "our side."

When you come to analyse the proceeding it is really not necessary, for it is impossible to speak to every one, or remember every name. I fear my unfortunate memory speedily consigned them to oblivion even before my vocal organs wearied of the attempt to talk "over" the loud, high-pitched voices sounding throughout the room. I cannot understand why the Americans pitch their voices almost to screaming point, unless it is that the noise of the streets, and the constant crowds, and the distracting, loud orchestras in the restaurants have forced them to scream in order to make themselves heard. We are noisy in our English crowds, but the effect is more of a prolonged *hum* than a series of falsetto shrieks.

Very charming are the small *intime* parties given by American hostesses to a few cultured or intellectual people whose ancestors have—not—come over in the *Mayflower*. At these parties conversation is a distinct feature, and brilliance vies with interest. No one can talk more

brilliantly or entertainingly than the American woman. I used to wish I had a private "phonograph" in which to carry away the witty and delightful things I heard. Some of the quaint expressions amused me very much: "I'm *real* glad to see you"; "I had a perfectly elegant time"; "she sort of freezed me"; "that helps some"; "the cutest thing"; "I was just tickled to death," and so on. I used to feel that the dull old English language owed a vast debt of obligation to American ingenuity. The innovations and alterations and phonetic liberties taken with it make an exhilarating change from accepted standards. I made notes of the most original expressions and the most curious slang in case I should ever be tempted to write an American novel!

V

WASHINGTON AS A POLITICAL AND SOCIAL CENTRE

V

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THE journey from New York to Washington is not specially interesting.

At first the train runs through a sordid-looking, swampy district, that forms the strangest contrast to wealthy New York. When that is passed one comes to straggling groups of *wooden* houses (the strangest and ugliest specimens of dwellings I had ever seen). The wooden house is representative of early settlers and early architectural achievements in America.

Used as I was to the beautiful green, cultivated English country, the trim farmhouses and cottages, the wide fields of grain and pasturage, the grazing herds of sheep and cattle, these

queer villages and small towns, set between acres upon acres of woodland, were naturally strange. Moreover, the woodland was not forest, but small, stunted trees covering mile after mile of unused land, trees with curiously black stems and trunks, and curiously green leafage. This was explained afterwards by the fact that the ancient woods had all been cut down for building purposes. I was again informed that I must not judge of American scenery by *this* specimen, though it represents many hundreds of miles. If I wanted American scenery I must "go West"; if I wanted to see harvest fields, and cattle pastures, and *real* (not tin) cows and sheep I must go to some other district. If, in fact, I imagined that the country began outside the towns, as in small, insignificant England, I was utterly mistaken.

Well, I had not time to "go West," so I could only judge of dwarfed woodland and wooden houses by the fact of seeing nothing else until

night closed in. But next morning I gazed with delighted eyes out of my hotel window. Trees! trees everywhere—magnificent, full-foliaged, vividly green; avenue and park full of them; a city full of them. I recognised how weary I had become of mere sky-scrapers. I gazed and gazed, and still returned to gaze. Before me a sky blue as that of Italy, sunshine brilliant and glorious; white, clean width of streets all avenued by glorious chestnuts and maples and elms; everywhere space and fragrance; cool shade, beautiful buildings!

America has a capital worthy of the name, and deserving all a nation's pride. I have visited many foreign lands and most European capitals. In none have I found a more beautiful city than Washington. Possibly coming to it from the narrow, crowded streets, the dust and heat and noise of New York, made me enthusiastic on first acquaintance, but the more I saw of the beautiful city the more enthusiastic I became. Who designed Washington? Whose

idea was it that every street should be a noble avenue, every open space a miniature park, every public building a structure imposing yet never ostentatious? All praise to the genius who so planned it! Its Presidential mansion is just the simple, noble-looking, beautiful thing it ought to be; white and stately, embowered in green, open to the public, yet symbolic of a certain dignity and importance.

I wandered through the grounds, over velvet lawns, under the shade of noble trees, no one interfering with my progress. It seemed wonderful. The White House represented to me the dignity of official importance. Its President was not "Bill Taft," as I was used to hearing him called, but *The* President of the United States; a man of importance, chosen by his country for its safeguard and its honour, a representative king whose reign, though brief, could never be undistinguished by some sort of personality.

Yet how simple is his life! How shorn of

all that royalty demands; how purely a thing of and for the people whose representative he is. I roamed through the East Room (used for state receptions), the corridors, and other chambers to which the public have free admission. I noted objects of historical interest, of private gift or collection, and again the note of restraint and simplicity was struck by every detail of arrangement or classification. Pictures, cabinets, portraits, china, bronzes, statues—all seemed just the right thing in the right place. True, the portraits were occasionally marred by fidelity to fashion instead of obligations to art, but doubtless the American patriot comes to see his President or his President's wife as he or she really looked in past years, and therefore the photographic correctness of the artist is excusable.

When I saw President Taft I imagined myself confronted by the standard of national qualifications that the Congressional body of the Capitol demand. I found him just a jovial,

kindly, undignified man, with whom I talked as frankly as if we were old acquaintances. And yet, with that foolish British obtuseness of mine, I should have preferred something of state and ceremony; some asset of dignity. I questioned him on Copyright Law—on its injustice to English authors. He replied, "My dear lady, *I* do not make the laws. Congress does that."

Confronted with so unexpected a confession of helplessness, I had no more to say. I knew so little of the mysteries of American politics, American government, and American laws that I had deemed the President *the* most important and autocratic personage in the country! But he appeared as much a child in leading-strings as our own royalties; the figure-head of the State, not the State itself. We then conversed on minor matters (leaving out Mr. Roosevelt's triumphant tour), and I expressed my admiration of the capital. He seemed gratified. I gathered that he had never visited England. Possibly,

when the cares of office are over, he may repair that omission. I told him that I considered every Englishman should visit America at least once, and every American should visit England at least *twice*. Possibly he is wondering what I meant by that time-limit.

Washington speedily manifested interest in my arrival. Again the ubiquitous interviewer sought me ; again the daily and evening journals chronicled my opinions, and described my unimportant personality. Again receptions were got up, and clubs thrown open, and teas and luncheons arranged for my benefit. I was going to have a " splendid time " once more.

I thoroughly enjoyed Washington. I went down the lovely Potomac river to Mount Vernon. I gazed with reverent eyes at the simple, historic home of America's great General—fitting shrine of patriotism, and a record of what women can do when they are American patriots. For it seemed the strangest thing that this historic

house, mansion, furniture, relics, mementoes, and grounds should owe their reservation and preservation, *not* to a nation's gratitude, but to a woman's courage and devotion. The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union was organised by one patriotic daughter of the State. She it was who worked zealously, untiringly for that one object. She had to raise a sum of $200,000, no easy matter in those days, and representing a strenuous task and unsparing energy. But she succeeded, and the Association stands strong and splendid to-day, a lasting tribute to a great hero ; a lasting record of women's achievement.

The situation of the house is most beautiful. One can picture a man who was both warrior and statesman, leaving it with regret, returning to its peaceful security with joy, ending there his last days in just the simple dignity and retirement of the citizen who has won his country's lasting gratitude.

In the beautiful grounds his feet must have

trodden so often stands his tomb, and beside it that of the wife, so loving and so faithfully loved; all deeply interesting to stranger and to countryman alike—a place of peace and loveliness, and a place to which citizens of all nations of the world have come to pay their homage. I strayed away to the old tomb under its canopy of splendid trees; shame that its record should be one of outrage and spoliation! What sort of robber was he who desired the skull of Washington, and how was it—asked my curious mind—that the stolen skull was proved to be that of *some other person*? Who, then, shared the honours of this the first place of the hero's interment? No one could say.

Somehow that story of the rifled grave and the stolen skull spoilt the pathetic interest of the old tomb—the place to which Martha Washington's eyes had turned so faithfully by day and night in her widowed loneliness; the place on which her little casement looked, and

for whose sake she had changed her own room for that small, insignificant attic.

I bade farewell to Mount Vernon with much regret. A first visit is often an only one —sometimes a last one. The beautiful Virginian shore faded into the mists of distance, the beautiful river grew purple under lowering clouds, the sky was dark over historic Arlington and the beautiful home of Robert Lee. Under the evening shadows the Field of the Dead lay in solemn quietude. They who "gave their lives that their country might live!"—sixteen thousand soldiers—sleep in that last battlefield. It is consecrated by something nobler than memorials, greater than its Temple of Fame.

I recalled Lincoln's memorable speech, and contrasted America's lofty ideal of liberty with America's present-day institutions of aggrandisement. Do those patriots, statesmen, senators, presidents who come here from time to time ever recall that speech? "It is for us, the

living, to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have so nobly advanced. . . . We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people *by* the people *for* the people shall not perish from the earth!"

Alas, alas! And Lincoln was brutally assassinated, and Federal City and National Cemetery look out upon the encircling hills, and the dead sleep on in unbroken silence, and the Capitol fights, for what? Materialism, wealth, place, power, restriction; a tyrannical hampering of idea with action, of tradition with contradiction; the fostering of gigantic Trusts that of their very essence and nature deny the meaning of freedom; the grasping cruelty of rapacious plutocrats for whom life has but one meaning—its commercial value.

Have the dead died in vain, after all?

Beautiful and imposing stands the Capitol

of the great Republic. Beautiful and imposing is the great Library of Congress. A hundred years hence (if America exists so long) the frescoes and ornamentations will be better worth looking at. They are somewhat too garish and brilliant at present.

I saw the Senate House or Hall of Representatives. I examined with much interest the great Legislative Chamber, the Speaker's desk, and the huge semicircle of seats, with their radiating aisles—a contrast indeed to our small House of Commons, with its scant accommodation for either members or strangers.

Liberty seemed the password of the American Capitol. I wandered to and fro, undeterred and unmolested. On a second visit I was accompanied by the wife of one of the senators, and introduced to many notable persons; among them the Speaker. It happened to be his seventieth birthday, and his private rooms were a perfect bower of flowers, conspicuous among them a complete bush of

American Beauty roses, sent from his own State as greeting. A portrait of himself was another gift, and stood in a place of honour surrounded by floral tributes.

The Senate seemed to be very sumptuously accommodated. I heard of dressing-rooms and bath-rooms and other luxuries! It seemed to me that a senator in office might as well live altogether in the private offices of his Department. They presented all the comforts and conveniences of a home!

The Committee Rooms, the Ways and Means Rooms, and the Appropriation Rooms are handsomely frescoed. Quite a collection of famous paintings are included in the scheme of decoration. The Court Room, designed on a Greek model, and with a screen of Ionic columns of Potomac marble, is a very fine and impressive chamber. But go where you will in the Capitol, you are confronted with beauty, majesty, and simplicity; a harmony of colour and detail, and a restrained sense of what is decorative yet

fitting. Each visit I paid to this noble building impressed me afresh with its nobility. Great ideals should live beneath that dome, and consecrate those spacious galleries to all that is highest and best in a nation's interest. But the armed Liberty above has a twofold significance. The eagle can soar, but it can slay. Its wings can protect, but its beak and its talons are cruel. The eye that can pierce the sun can also detect a shrinking prey; nor does it spare weakness, or pity it.

Society in Washington is largely composed of the senatorial element. It is almost impossible to avoid it unless one is frankly frivolous, and throws in one's lot with the mere "entertaining set," who live for amusement first and politics afterwards—if time admits.

There is also an intellectual centre in Washington, largely concerned with "brainy" women and novel cults. But whatever society represents it is eminently wealthy, and does

its entertaining in a very lavish, if exclusive, manner. So many Colleges and Universities of various States are represented by Congress that the women endeavour to keep pace with the intellectual achievements of the men. Their homes have a studious, subtle air about them; a refinement at once striking and delightful. Wealth is the prerogative of a position, or the mere accident of an alliance; but it is not the blatant, overpowering advertisement of the New York plutocrat.

The beautiful city is fitly adorned by beautiful mansions and charming hostesses. The *attachés* of British and foreign legations have little to complain of from the point of hospitality, and if the White House receptions dare not be exclusive, they can at least be amusing.

"We have a minority of gentlefolk here," said a Washington lady to me, "and therefore can afford to be exclusive."

I pondered over this cryptic saying.

I thought of George Washington's simple

home, and President Lincoln's noble words, and then of Mr. Roosevelt hobnobbing with emperors and kings, and rulers and politicians. I thought of the tragedies of slavery and civil war, and the Declaration of Independence, of all for which those stars—and stripes—flamed out in proud announcement. And I could only say to myself, "America is the most wonderful country in the world—and the most incomprehensible!"

VI

BOSTON AND BOSTON SOCIETY

VI

BOSTON AND BOSTON SOCIETY

I LEFT Washington with much regret. My passion for beautiful scenery, space, cleanliness, harmony, had been amply satisfied. The city is indeed fortunate in its situation. Any one visiting it must feel grateful for the decision that located the nation's historic capital in one of the most picturesque and beautiful districts of the great American continent.

Here again comes in another claim on the personality from whom that capital takes its name. President Washington set aside the demands of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and selected this site on his beloved Potomac River. No one has been bold enough,

or inartistic enough to dispute that choice. That the plan and details of the American Capitol itself were drawn up by a Frenchman is just one of those incongruities which perpetually meet one in America. The native American seems to have done nothing for his country except assert its claims. He has left its planning, its architecture, its laws, its science, and its integrity to the hands of aliens, and adopted brotherhoods. The strangest strains, the queerest admixture of blood and race, taint the New World and leaven it heavily with the Old. And yet it is America to American eyes. A place of sharp contrasts; a country of contradictions; a country where commercial instinct hustles beauty aside, and turns leisure and tranquillity of life into a screaming turmoil.

One can do everything in America but rest. That—seems an impossibility. So much to do, to see, to criticise, to wonder at; such rapid days; such full hours; such a strenuous

Society; and always the question: "How much to be got out of such hours, such days, such strenuosity?" Every entertainment has a purpose, every social enterprise a meaning. The American people seem to be for ever straining on tiptoe to do something no one has ever done before, and which possibly no one would care to do again! But for the time being the big drum is beaten to attract public attention, and the transaction, or the entertainment, or the discovery (*à la Cook*), is shouted and proclaimed and published as if the world was expected to admire and wonder—and applaud!

That it *wonders* goes without saying. Sanity cannot but stand amazed at the vagaries of insanity. But that it does not admire, those who have eyes to see and ears to hear assert as an unflattering truth.

Possibly the social importance of Washington and the intellectual importance of Boston endow both cities with claims superior to mere

hereditary nobility. I give such claims their just due. But the polish has an artificial texture, and one always has an inward fear lest the transatlantic hostess should take it into her head to suddenly fling off her "glad rags" and dance the *can-can* of republicanism in defiance of the restraints of civilisation.

Something for ever lurks in the background of the American mind : a little hint of commonness, a little lack of restraint ; a little plebeian touch that mars the patrician picture ; always, always something. Yet to the claims of decent man and woman, faithful citizen and true patriot, they are invariably true. There is a solid strain of goodness, an insatiable desire to excel in the mind of both sexes. They want the *best*—the very best. That they have failed—as yet—in obtaining it, is no fault of theirs ; the defects of their qualities at least leave them the full equipment of qualification.

Journeying from Washington to Boston gave me ample leisure for such reflections as these.

There was no beauty of scenery to attract my eyes—just those miles and miles of stunted woods, of advertisement-covered landscape, of wooden houses, and queer, dirty little villages. Occasionally a big town leaped into imposing significance. Baltimore and Philadelphia reminded one again of the many "States" whose importance rests on such towns and their history.

Possibly the most interesting feature of that long day's journey was the transference of the train to the ferry, and the unexpected methods by which the journey was continued. It was a novel experience, and a very surprising one. To sail down the beautiful Haarlem river, to note from my comfortable armchair in the Pullman, all the familiar islands, bridges, and sky-scrapers of New York, to be saved all worry of changing trains and catching steamboats, simply to sit still and let all this be done for you, was just one of those astonishing things for which America is remarkable, and for which all travellers must be grateful.

I think the river transit lasts two hours. Then the train is joined again, and the journey proceeds. The scenery improved, and was less monotonous, or perhaps I had grown used to the wooden houses! There were delightful glimpses of sea and river, heights and woods, quaint seaports and towns, white buildings nestling among grassy slopes. The old Puritan names of the old towns came as a familiar sound: New England, New London, New Hampshire, Providence, etc. The journey was drawing to a close, and as the dusk fell I and a fellow-traveller talked softly of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the early settlers; of the old, far-off days, and the largely-increased area of Boston in comparison with the little jagged peninsula of three centuries ago. Then the great train laboured into the station at Back Bay, and I was met and welcomed, and conducted to my charming hotel and the charming rooms reserved for me, and knew I had touched another landmark of my pilgrimage.

I wonder if I had seen Boston before Washington, and New York last of all the cities I visited, whether my opinion would have altered.

Certainly Boston did not impress me at first as the beautiful capital had done. The streets were narrow—too narrow for the car traffic—the subway was confusing to a stranger. The shops lacked the style of New York, and the elegancies of Washington. But as I grew familiar with the city I began to recognise how much of charm and interest it possessed—a charm unknown to its more brilliant sisters, an interest sacred to English hearts, and endeared by English associations. The dear old names held out hands of greeting. Plymouth, Dorchester, Brighton, Winchester, Cambridge, Essex, Hyde Park—how strange it seemed to find their nomenclature here! "Wapping" and Water Street, Forest Hill and South End, and many other streets and places bore the same birthmark, and carried on one's interest.

The whole metropolitan area of Boston is honeycombed, so to say, with British traditions. Wherever I went, and whoever I met, seemed as old friends in new places. The likeness between place and people was quite surprising. Their voices had not the nasal twang of New York, or the Southern drawl of Washington. My ear, grown acute to differences, easily distinguished the improved pronunciation of familiar words. But the charming American friendliness, the delightful American cordiality were here still. Again did intellectual circles open welcoming arms; again did the very kindest and most hospitable of strangers call to put me at my ease, and place the services of *cicerone* and companion at my disposal. And then began once more the "good time" of social and interesting life inseparable from such associations.

All that Boston held of interest, history, and beauty were shown me with as little trouble to myself as automobiles and steamboats could

avoid. Even the lovely sea-coast was explored that I might see the summer homes and "beaches" for which America is so famous. Mansions in Commonwealth Avenue, apartment-houses in Brookline, dear, quaint, wooden houses in the suburbs, all threw open hospitable doors and bade me welcome. I motored to Concord; I saw where Hawthorne and Emerson had lived, and where the famous (?) Mrs. Eddy once dwelt, and Christian-scientised her following and dupes. I visited Jamaica Plain and its beautiful wooded districts, and the great Arboretum, world-famed for its collection of trees, and Franklin Park, with its generous six hundred acres of picturesque country. It seemed wonderful to think of so much beauty and space and enchantment just half an hour's car-drive from the centre of a city! But the parks and sylvan retreats of Boston are world-famed, and Nature has been lavish in her generosity to this State of Massachusetts.

Bostonians should be gratified that the natural

beauties of the country have not been spoilt by its development. The broad drives wind through green valleys to breezy uplands, from which magnificent views of the town can be enjoyed. The roads are splendid for motoring or driving, and the plan—which combines an almost unbroken chain of parks and parkways from north to south—will include every section of the city when complete.

Revere Beach and Winthrop interested me as representative seaside resorts. Not too exclusive, I imagine, for Revere, at all events, seemed laid out on the plan, though not the scale, of Coney Island; long streets of wooden houses, with shops and entertainments scattered lavishly from end to end. The views all along of harbour and islands and sea are very beautiful. Boston ought to be healthy, with its near proximity to the ocean, and the possibility of getting sea air and invigorating breezes so readily and easily. Rail and steamboat ply constantly from the city, and in the hot

summer weather it is possible to go to and fro to office or chambers in the space of an hour.

Like most cities Boston looks best seen from outside itself, and away from the congested districts of public streets and public buildings. It possesses one very beautiful thoroughfare—Commonwealth Avenue. The houses are stately and imposing; the street is enormously wide, and its centre is planted with large, shady trees: a useful as well as ornamental addition.

The Public Library and Natural History Museum, the University and Botanical Gardens, the many beautiful churches, statues, and public buildings all command notice, and all are interesting. But my time was limited, and I could only see a selection of the many celebrated and famous places and things which I was told I *ought* to see. I felt rather guilty at my flying trips. No need to accuse the American traveller of "doing" London in a day. They might retaliate on the methods the English

traveller who does their sights and scenes in equally limited space. One thing, however, which even my hurried observation took in was the extraordinary number of women-doctors that seemed to thrive in Boston. I have never seen so many M.D. qualifications represented by feminine names.

At a reception given to me by the Professional Women's Club, I met a great many of these lady doctors; bright, pretty, charmingly-gowned women, who looked more like society belles than solemn *medicos*. And yet they were celebrated as surgeons, general practitioners, oculists, aurists, dentists, and other professional dignities. It was quite a revelation to me—that Club, and its gifted members. They were all gifted, all celebrated in some way: art, literature, medicine, surgery, music, the drama—and even, I think, the law! Wonderful indeed; but then is not Boston the Hub of the Universe!

Women are a tremendous force in Boston

society. Intellectually and socially considered, they represent certain conditions which one cannot but regard seriously. No use to joke at "suffragette" and "women's rights" here. No use to poke fun at latchkeys and clubs, and feminine independence. You could not take the women's institutions of Boston humorously even if you were Mark Twain *redivivus*.

They may be advanced; they may be unusual; many may even be eccentric; but they are important. That importance is perpetually exemplified. Not boastfully, not with a shriek or a shout, or the flouting of respectability and aggressive rampaging of the English peace-destroyers, but with proofs of ability and dignity of achievement. Calm, gracious, dignified, well-informed, so the Boston intellectual woman moves amidst her circle of interests. She has got beyond the stage of restlessness and the stirrings of discontent. She has found out exactly what she can do, and she does it. On this basis she is building up the woman's

future, and training her daughters and granddaughters to fill her place.

The women's clubs of Boston are not mere idle resorts. They are admirable and helpful organisations for a distinct purpose. Wherever I went I found this purpose set forth in some shape or another. The members of these clubs were a distinct contrast to the smart society women of New York, to the political-minded or aristocratic hostess of Washington, to the plutocrat of Chicago, or the belles of Illinois and Indianapolis. Apart and distinctly individualised, the intellectual woman of Boston stands on her own self-made pedestal. She does not demand homage until she achieves the world-wide celebrity of a Christian Science leader. She is content to live where womanhood is sovereign, and all-powerful. She represents that great new law—Womanhood—and its rights for the individual Woman. Free thought, free life, free duties, and no obligations save those they voluntarily impose upon

themselves. The rich, the learned, the cultured, the religious, and the business woman of Boston are alike important. Cultured and clever, wholesome and sound; no idlers or triflers; just purposeful, useful, intelligent, human beings to whom freedom is the first consideration, and sex—the second.

I wondered sometimes if the intellectual pre-eminence of the New England woman interfered with her domestic obligations, or forbade them.

Of that, as a stranger, I could not judge. I saw mothers and daughters united by the same interests, if choosing different paths to pursue them. I saw also many, many women who had chosen to remain unwedded and unhampered in order to live their own lives in their own way. I saw young women, middle-aged women, even old women keen on public projects, and public matters; eager to proselytise, to work, to achieve *something*. There was no sitting down in chimney-corners with folded hands, no restful

boudoir nooks for lazy hours, and the last new novel. At least if there was, it was studiously concealed. But no one attempted to conceal the pursuit of high aims; the study of intellectual projects; the exploitation of the woman's view, and the woman's work.

Boston was deeply interesting to a woman.

VII

AMERICAN RELIGIONS

VII

AMERICAN RELIGIONS

AMERICAN religions!

It seems odd to write down these words as if religion possessed a limited meaning, and America had annexed it, or gone in for a monopoly of creeds on the lines of its big Trusts. Yet, as there is no country possessing more forms and creeds and cults and queer Faiths and modes of worship, I feel myself justified in giving the New World its due—spiritually as well as socially.

If magnificent churches of all sects and denominations stand for religion, New York should be the most pious and God-fearing of cities. The Dutch Reformed Church is the

oldest Protestant organisation; there are some twenty-four places of worship sacred to its name. Then comes the Episcopalian, which numbers eighty. The Presbyterians count fifty-seven —exclusive of small chapels—to their credit. The Methodists, Congregationalists, Unitarians, and Lutherans are close on two score. Then come the Quakers, the Moravians, the Universalists, the Jews, the Swedenborgians, and many miscellaneous churches and missions.

The Roman Catholics have a fine cathedral in Fifth Avenue, and about a hundred other churches or chapels. This would seem as though the majority of the population were Roman Catholics, and indeed that is acknowledged to be the case. Priestly influence and—results—speak for themselves.

There are also numerous Christian Associations and Societies in New York. The Salvation Army is well represented, and various Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods claim recognition as religious bodies—all bent on good work. The

city must give them plenty to do, even if they confined their attentions to Wall Street, and the Bowery!

Sunday in New York—like Sunday in Paris—is given up to outdoor jaunts and pleasures. In fine weather every one who can get out of the city, speedily does so. The cars and trains and steamers are all crowded. Central Park and Riverside are turned into a public nursery, and the Battery and Castle Gardens become the happy hunting-ground of hooliganism. Air and space and shade and trees are doubly precious to the toiling clerk, the ill-paid stenographer, the shop-girl, and "help"; the whole workaday world of this busy, money-making city. I cannot understand why, amongst its many places of worship, there is not a temple specially dedicated to the God of Mammon.

I am sure the congregation would exceed that of any other church or chapel. Why do not millionaires repair this omission?

Fifty Jewish synagogues are representative of the large Jewish element whose names distinguish the Broadway of "down town" districts. Most notable of all is the massive yellow-and-brown sandstone building named Temple Emanu-El, in Fifth Avenue. It is of Moorish design, and very out-of-place that Moorish architecture looks amongst modern mansions. Of course the Temple is one of the costliest structures in the city. Being Semitic—that goes without saying!—but it cannot compare in point of design or suitability with the beautiful Gothic, twin-spired cathedral which is its spiritual neighbour some seven "blocks" away. If the Catholics fail in other ways they at least never spare the "outward and visible sign" of their faith, or deem anything too costly or too sacred to spend in its service.

With all these symbols of purity and godliness crowded into its thirteen-mile limit, one might expect a different verdict upon New

York than the one I heard. Of course I did not believe it—no stranger could—but here it is: *"New York is one of the most immoral places on the face of the earth; no vice, no sin, no blackguardism is too vicious or too unholy to find a welcome there!"*

These are not my words. They are the words of an American citizen who "knew his New York upside down," so he said. Whether they are true, is not for me to decide.

Washington does not attempt to compete with New York in the number or variety of its creeds and their places of observance. The Capital also seems to favour Low Church and Methodism more than the variegated and ornate styles of ritual for which New York and Chicago are famous.

Sunday observance goes well with senatorial integrity, and there is no "hooliganism" about the streets or parks or urban districts of the "City Beautiful" on that day. Hearing the

chiming bells, noting the quiet, well-dressed crowds made me almost fancy myself back in respectable England! My theory of giving beauty, space, air, leisure, in order to make a nation self-respecting, healthy, and industrious met a sort of response here. Where all is beautiful and clean and wholesome a certain desire to be worthy of it leaps even out of degradation. The call of Nature is stronger than the call of vice. A worthy nation cannot arise out of scum and filth, from crowded alleys, or swarming tenements.

In coming to America I had pictured a land of freedom and true citizenship: I had never pictured such inequalities and contradictions as confront one on every side. Has the land which claims freedom as a nation's birthright, only erected the Goddess of Liberty as witness of a falsified creed?

For there is no more liberty of thought or action in America than in any other country. There is a licensed rudeness, I grant; a non-

observance of delicacy and refinement in matters touching the Old World's ideas of civilisation; a bluff, blatant outspokenness chiefly concerned with the Press and its victims; but as for freedom—I fail to see where it comes in, in any degree.

People are taxed as heavily, restricted as tyrannically, ruled as despotically, and blackmailed as systematically as if all the red-tape of Christendom bound them. The only "free" personage is the loafer, and he is as offensive as he is patriotic!

Let the bewildered onlooker try to explain the puzzle, even as he falters, *à la* Mark Tapley—"Hurrah for Liberty!"

When it comes to liberty of conscience, however, theory and fact sit down in friendly juxtaposition. No creed is too strange, no "religion" too unorthodox, to be without followers in America. Words fail me when I would try to enumerate all the absurd and impossible faiths that have created temporary

or continuous aberration of intellect through the length and breadth of this marvellous continent! A catalogue of them would fill a good-sized volume, or form an encyclopædia of sectarian knowledge.

In Boston—that old centre of Puritanism—religion has as many shapes, forms, and textures as the chameleon has colours. Spiritual development has increased on the lines of intellectual growth. Beginning with the hard seats and harsh tenets of the Meeting House, it has struggled on through Quakerism to Methodism, Congregationalism, Unitarianism, Episcopalianism, Ritualism, and Romanism and Christian Science!

Boston possesses some three hundred churches, chapels, and meeting-houses. It offers creeds to suit all tastes. It invents and exploits religion as other cities invent or exploit industries. It holds the oldest Protestant organisation of the colonist, and the latest "fad" of the enlightened. It owns tragedies of persecution

and histories of glorious martyrdom. It is a city full of missions and missionaries, of all things charitable and helpful. It answers all spiritual appeals, and every sectarian requirement. No soul need starve for spiritual food in Boston, and no city has tried harder to oppose the intrusion of Roman Catholicism. Yet now it possesses the largest and most noteworthy Catholic Church in New England!

Is this a proof of enlightenment and advanced thought, or of loosely-implanted principles?

Boston possesses every sort of society and union for spiritual development that can be devised. There are Christian Associations for Young Men and Women, a Young Men's Hebrew Association for Jews, there are industrial, and social, and educational and religious and non-religious societies. Every sort of spiritual food for the mere asking. Such generosity is unexampled. It fills one with wonder, but also makes one question its results.

Is Boston really the "Hub of the Universe,"

set high and irreproachable upon a pedestal of integrity? Does one find in this religious centre of America, with its Puritan instincts and its Puritan records, a wider benevolence, a deeper charity, a more perfect code of morals than less-favoured and historical cities possess?

These are questions it must answer for itself —even though it stands so calm and so secure on its new foundations of feminine intellectuality.

Religion is a word of wide meaning, yet it has only one translation.

I spoke of Christian Science in my catalogue of sects. It happened that the dome of that aspiring "First Church of Christ, Scientist" was a very familiar sight from my hotel window. Also I had given much time and some trouble to the investigation of this curious faith before writing my book "Calvary," which (as its sub-title conveys) deals with religious sects and their various tenets and utility. I frankly

confess I gave Mrs. Eddy—the Pastor Emeritus —up in despair after six months of endeavour to make out what she meant, and why she meant it. Her own life's history makes quaint reading, and what I heard of her, both in Concord and Boston, only left the impression that most of her followers were attracted in the first place by the sublime selfishness of a creed that deals largely with physical ills, and their remedy.

A sick person is an easy convert, and a cured person always an enthusiastic one. Mrs. Eddy's own personal record is one of perpetual sickness, perpetual hysteria, and perpetual " claims " on the time and attention of any one who would heal her. Despite the fact of there being no pain, no sickness, and only the fallacies of " mortal mind " to deal with, the High Priestess of Christian Science is a very poor example of either faith or patience. Her wrangles, her broken friendships, her lawsuits, her maternal indifference, and her evident predilection

for connubial life, are scarcely things deserving the eulogy of her critics.

For anything that Christian Science does or has done in the way of helping hysterical, neurotic, nervous, and feeble-minded creatures to get the better of their ailments, it deserves all due praise. But when it comes to dealing with real problems of disease, with broken limbs and feeble lungs, and the tragedies of typhus, diphtheria, or scarlet-fever, how does it stand? A failure all the time, as the coroners' courts have proved, and a very broken reed to lean upon in case of an epidemic.

True that the schools of medicine and their professors are not infallible, any more than the Christian Science Healer (why "healer," where there is *nothing* to heal?). Still, Nature is something to be studied, not ignored; and if she sends pain as a forerunner of mischief it is perfectly senseless to *deny* the pain in order to prove there is no mischief. I confess I would like to have seen Mrs. Eddy under the

influence of a raging toothache, or an attack of *mal de mer*. Would she have *denied* them, or clamoured for a healer? I wonder.*

There seemed to be a "belief" in Bostonian circles that Mrs. Eddy had ceased to exist. She was never seen. No visitors, even of the Faithful, were admitted to her presence. I drove past her present (supposed) residence, and noted that she was not averse to the architectural dignity of a "mansion" and its attendant luxuries of lodge, stables, and carriage-house. The house was large and roomy enough to have accommodated quite a family; but I believe the "Pastor Emeritus" is not on friendly terms with her only son; only with her "adopted" and scientific children.

This cult or science, or whatever it calls itself, is now a well-organised and very wealthy one. Like most faiths and sects it proves that mortal dross is an absolute necessity, and does not spare its followers in the matter

* This was written before Mrs. Eddy's death.—Author.

of contributions. It has become a *sine qua non* that Christian Science converts are wealthy, and given to disbursing their worldly goods in gratitude for the Christian Science book.

Their church is one of the most imposing edifices in Boston; the large building near it has been bought for offices, and the printing and publication of Unscientific Testimonies to Health!

Spiritualism was once wildly rampant in Boston. There is still a Spiritual Temple and a working union of spiritualists in the city. The People's Temple is a "free" church of no special creed. It only aims at attracting a congregation, and giving them simple Bible teaching.

I should much like to have investigated the creeds of *The Latter Day Saints*, and *The Seventh Day Adventists*, but it was not possible.

Surely some Bostonian zealot will soon set up a "Church of the Comet," and build an astronomical edifice, and hold Stellar and Lunar

celebrations! The sole art requisite for a new faith is the art of making statements which are absolutely unfounded sound like truth. The more incomprehensible the statement, the greater the curiosity it arouses; and curiosity is largely the factor that proselytises the American convert. Something new, something strange, something startling. If the New Creed sets the universe in a new aspect before the inquirer, or sets the inquirer in a new aspect to the universe, then the first great aim is achieved. Conversion and confusion are not always far apart. Religion has as many aspects as human intelligence chooses to give it.

It seems strange that Boston, with its splendid educational advantages, its wonderful State Library, and its studious culture of art and science should yet exemplify this attitude towards religion; number, variation, and novelty. Commencing with the simplest form of Puritanism, it now welcomes the most mystical

and unsubstantial of beliefs. Possibly at the root of all lurks the vital element of faith, looking forward and onward to the perfecting of life. Possibly restlessness, ambition, or desire may have unlatched the gates of prejudice, and set free the prisoned soul. Possibly some great purpose impels eager hands to grasp at new ideals, to pursue the *Fata Morgana* of Revelation a little further day by day. Soundness of faith has not always stood for integrity of life. The professor of fine creeds is not always the doer of fine works.

Religion is sometimes a wholesome experience taking a novel or unexpected form; sometimes a will-o'-the-wisp, tempting and illogical in its flight; but it becomes a veritable kaleidoscope of varied meaning when the thousand-and-one creeds and cranks of the New World profess to represent it.

VIII

AMERICAN MARRIAGES

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FROM the obligations of things spiritual to the supreme necessity of things temporal is not such a wide leap as it appears. Therefore I place the importance of wedlock as only secondary to the importance of those invisible mysteries we take in faith, and deny in action.

Religion and marriage are both possessed of spiritual significance—rightly considered. Of course this consideration is not obligatory on the contracting parties, even in America, the country of half a million creeds.

Americans treat marriage as a jest, or a mere legal contract capable of being dissolved at will. Ambition, rank, wealth, policy, neces-

sity, each and all of these are concerned in that contract. What is more concerned and less considered is the one important factor in the matter—that another life may be born, another soul sent into this world of misery and suffering; that high duties and great responsibilities attend this possibility, and these should not be lost sight of beneath the overwhelming importance of worldly considerations.

When the American bride concerns herself so deeply with the details of the wedding ceremony, the latest thing in bridesmaids' *toilettes*, the probable number of diamond necklaces she will receive, and the knowledge that a tiara is eminently becoming to a Gibson-girl head, she is not entering into the true spirit of marriage. She is merely setting herself up as an ornamental figure at which press reporters can aim pellets of admiring adjectives, and the "*monde où son amuse*" may sneer.

The more I see of transatlantic marriages

the more convinced I am that they are disastrous to anything like mutual happiness. Of "respect" the less said the better. They begin with a "show," and usually end with a "show-up."

And who can wonder?

The English man and the American woman are dangerous subjects for the experiment of marriage. The one is perpetually running up against ideas, manners, and customs foreign to his own; the other is engaged in a continuous, high-handed battle with such prejudices, manners, and customs. She takes refuge in defiance, and her husband in disdain. The chain girds and irks and tortures both, until it is forcibly snapped in twain, or dragged through mire of scarce concealed scandal.

Example after example we have had, and still will have. The American duchess, or princess, or countess, or baroness soon learns to loathe her empty honours. She has been spoilt, petted, adored in her own land by her

own compeers, but when it comes to holding her own against blue-blooded rank, against European exclusiveness, against the hereditary assurance of the well-born and haughty aristocrats of Court circles, she is as out of place as a ballet dancer in a monastery!

This does not mean that the American duchess or countess is not very charming, very *chic*, very popular, but it does mean that she is only a sham duchess, a copy of a countess; and the genuine article always makes the imitation look—well, let us say—an imitation. No one is to blame, except the nationality that marks division.

When the Daughter of Independence takes a fancy to a title, or desires to exchange democracy for royal prerogatives, her adoring parents never seek to deny her wishes. On the contrary, they bait them with such glittering temptations that foolish princeling or needy peer rush in to clench the bargain with all possible speed. The purchase-money is

paid ; the Press has a good time in cataloguing presents, and making ludicrous mistakes over the arrogance of titles, and the beautiful bride (no American bride was ever anything else) is carried off into *ex*clusive banishment, there to find out the worth of her bargain, or reconcile herself to its obligations.

But as the spirit of Independence usually kicks at restraint, mocks at feudal customs, and lives by "comparisons," the aristocratic union soon falls short of promised bliss. Sometimes for sake of pride, for fear of mockery, the disappointed wife puts up with disillusion, and consoles herself with frequent visits to her own beloved land, and the home of her dyspeptic, but heavily-dollared, "poppa." Sometimes the English husband or the foreign "blackguard" agrees to go his way and leave the American wife to go hers, irrespective of confusion in Debrett, or the Almanac de Gotha. Sometimes a desire for genuine happiness and the *real* things of true marriage gives one or other

the courage to break conventional fetters. But very, very rarely does it happen that the transatlantic marriage is a suitable one, or a happy one.

When I visited American homes and noted the paramount importance of the wife, I was not surprised that the American girl does not bear transplanting. We may be "cousins"; we may even regard ourselves as belonging to the same race, but apart from far-off claims of blood or birthright the American and the English are absolutely foreign to each other. They live a different life, they hold a different creed (of honesty), they speak a different language (metaphorically), and they are essentially and physiologically apart in all matters appertaining to domestic life. Each in their own country is admirable, and admirably suited to what that country demands, but let them change places, and they are a failure all the time.

It may seem as if I were prejudiced, but indeed I am not. If the *real* truth were spoken

of most of these international alliances, they would be proved not only unsatisfactory, but immoral. Wholly and entirely immoral as concerned with the true obligations and the true meaning of marriage. But the truth never is spoken of such matters. It hurts too much, or humiliates too cruelly.

I had been told so much of the perfections of the American husband that I naturally studied him as a valuable addition to my snapshots of American character. Except that he made money for his wife to spend, and gave her too little of his time for quarrelling, and let her do exactly as she pleased, there was nothing to discover. His public attitude was what his national pride in himself demanded. His private life and his views of marital obligations were just those of the ordinary, selfish, polygamous creature who has existed since the foundations of the world. The American husband is neither better nor worse than any other husband, but it is considered unwise

for his wife to say so. She praises him in notes of exclamation, and affects a pity for her English sister, who has less "freedom" and less money to spend on her own pretty, selfish, vain person.

A story was going through the length and breadth of the States as to a bogus title purchased by the usual American dollars for the usual American daughter. I felt so sorry for the sordid story, the shame and misery that it had entailed, that I could not even say, "Well, you deserve what you get!" But I did ask, "Will *this* be a lesson to the American father and the American daughter?" No one believed it would.

Which brings me back to my starting-point. If marriage is not looked upon as a sacred obligation, it must of necessity sink to sordid barter. And when an "alliance" between two absolutely indifferent, yet commercially-minded people is published, advertised, and gloried in, there is no one on earth to be more

commiserated than those two people. And in their heart of hearts they know it, or will know it ere the echo of their wedding-bells has ceased to haunt their ears.

I was perpetually worried by interviewers as to my ideas on divorce. American divorce, of course. *I refused to give any opinion,* so it was given for me, in that airy, independent fashion of your American interviewer. When I had read up "statistics" on the subject, and made various injudicious inquiries, I learnt that reports as to the number of divorces being a *third* of the number of marriages, were slightly exaggerated.

True, that marriage is not looked upon as a binding contract; it is given a pleasing illusion of instability; but *that* does not necessitate divorce; it only simplifies the contract. The "lamb is led to the slaughter" with a chastened hope of green meadows and sweet pasturage beyond the slaughter-house. She grows less

fearful of the ordeal, and looks forward to the escape. Just a leap into blindness, darkness, momentary confusion, and then—freedom. To the American girl freedom is the breath of life. She expects it as her right, and accepts marriage as one of its prerogatives. No self-respecting American husband denies his wife her *coterie* of "boys"; her faithful admirers; the donors of candy and flowers and corsage bouquets; the escort to theatre and restaurant; and the glad, wild hooliganism of Newport or Manhattan Beach, or Long Island, or the romantic shelter of the Adirondacks. With all this liberty there is absolutely no need for any radical "change of partners," unless indeed the lawful husband desires it, or obliges it by some untoward scandal.

With a little discretion an American marriage might be the happiest and most tolerant of American institutions; far less exacting than any professional or business contract. It is certainly less important.

Domestic unity in wedlock is not a necessity of the American marriage, but the majority seem very happy, and very satisfactory. The husband has his occupations, friends, and amusements; the wife hers. They often move in entirely different "sets," and meet at a table or an entertainment with a pleasant sense of surprise. It is understood that an American husband must not intrude into a "higher" social circle than that of his own limitations, even if his wife be a shining light therein.

These matters are beautifully managed in the States. No wonder that an Englishman finds it difficult to act up to the etiquette of such a position!

There is a word of which American people are very fond. It is "attractive." It is an English word, but they do not use it in English fashion. It is a synonym for the seaside girl, and the engaged girl. They are always "attractive" when they fall short of being

"just lovely." It lets them down gracefully to a safe vantage-point of exploitation. The "attractive" girl is perpetually being engaged or breaking off engagements. If she is afraid of scandal she goes off to Europe, and tries her "'prentice hand" on the liner *en route*. The "deck-chair" is a fearful incentive to sentimentality. What with it and the promenades for health's sake, and the dances and concerts and other amusements got up to enliven the voyage, it is nothing short of miraculous that any young man gets to land without being labelled "Appropriated by Miss Columbia till further notice."

It is quite right for an American girl to flirt, or even engage herself as often as she pleases. It only proves her attractiveness. Her father and mother have let her do exactly as she wished in childhood, and she carries on the habit when she is "out." It is no wonder, therefore, that marriage has come to be considered a pastime, not an obligation.

I expect to be told that my views are wildly exaggerated, and that I "must not judge of American marriages" by what I have heard, read, or seen in America. But my readers must please remember that I am looking at them through English binoculars. Possibly I do not focus them aright. Possibly we do not look at things in the same way, even as we do not speak the same language or follow the same rules of life. But of this I am sure: as long as a wedding is merely an exposition of vanity and extravagance, as long as it is made an excuse for getting headlines in the papers, and treated as a mere theatrical spectacle, so long will it be a travesty of the name, and its sacred and social obligations!

Do not suppose I consider America as the sole offender in this respect. We are just as bad on our side. We too send the unimportant photograph, the list of wedding presents, the names (especially titles) of the wedding guests to any paper that will publish them. As yet

our Press is a little more decorous, but they are following close on the heels of their transatlantic brotherhood. America first showed us the value of advertising. It only remains for us to prove it in the interests of the marriage, as well as the commercial, market.

The happiest marriages in America seem to be those of professional men; the happiest homes those of their wives and families. Possibly the brutalising force of money-making is less an element of existence in these instances.

Commerce and speculation get into the business man's blood, and vitiate his tastes and habits. The perpetual excitement of "deals," the perpetual chink of gold, are of more vital interest than his wife's companionship or his children's dawning intelligence. To the professional man domesticity is a welcome relief, to the mere "wealth accumulator" it is of secondary importance. Hence the very small

amount of family life seen in the United States, or in any way representative of family importance.

I could not discover if there was a "middle-class" in America. I believe not. Every one is enormously rich, or insignificantly poor. If they are not rich they try to pretend they are by taking expensive houses or "apartments," and keeping automobiles, and attending every possible millionaire function that gives out "names of guests" to the press reporters. Equality has more than one interpretation.

I have spoken about the conspicuous absence of maternal instinct as a feature of American marriages. The American woman does not desire a large family or, indeed, any family at all. When, however, nature gets the better of prudence, and she finds herself saddled with a child, she proceeds to bring it up on the most free and enlightened principles. Its nourishment is a series of experiments in patent

foods; its clothing a compromise between French, German, Russian, and English "styles." When it is three or four years old it is called a "kid," and goes everywhere with its parents, and becomes a general nuisance to everybody in hotels, or on steamer, car, or train. It is never rebuked or kept in its place like an English child, because that would be acting against true American principles. It has nerves; it looks pasty and unhealthy; it is allowed to eat any sort of food at any time of day or night, and it would never grow up a healthy or intelligent human being if it were not for school life and college training.

The American youth and the American maiden are the result.

Whether the training explains that no one —even an American citizen—was ever born "free," or could possibly be the equal in brains, character, or social position of every other American citizen I cannot say, but it does turn out men and women of whom their country

may be proud. One need not go further than Colonel Roosevelt as an example. He speedily discarded the false for the real, the feeble things for the strong things. No one has read their country's limitations more accurately, its possibilities more proudly, than this much-beloved and much-abused President. Could America be induced to have a reigning monarch I should like to see "King Theodore" on the throne. What Napoleon was to France, what Wilhelm II. is to Germany, what Edward the Peacemaker has been to Great Britain, so might Roosevelt be to the United States could they but see into their own future, and throw aside greed, brutality, and narrow-mindedness in one effort to achieve greatness.

IX

AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS AND INVENTIONS

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THERE was nothing in the American cities that I admired so much as their splendid public buildings; nothing which spoke so eloquently of a young nation's philanthropic spirit. No town, however small, was without its public hall or hospital; its social or political club. Even the quaint wooden villages possessed them, devoted to uses of varied utility.

In New York their name is legion! How room was ever found for them is a mystery. Evidently no money has been spared on the design or architecture or decoration of a public institute, whatever its nature. Also it *is* per-

mitted to stand on its original foundations long enough for people to get to know it. As a rule New York razes whole buildings and streets to the ground once in five years or so, therefore a permanent site for a national monument is a difficult thing to acquire.

The New York Public Library now in process of building on Fifth Avenue, will be a magnificent edifice when complete. It includes two reference branches—those of the Lenox and the Astor. But all the reference branches now scattered through the city will be gathered into this one great building. I believe twenty-eight or more branches are at present included in the circulating department. This department provides about half a million volumes, and is entirely free to applicants. The Lenox and the Astor are the most popular consulting libraries in New York. Our old-fashioned British Museum may take a "back seat" in comparison with the space, splendour, comfort, and convenient arrangements of these buildings.

The New Public Library will be even more splendid, more spacious, and more convenient in point of organisation than either of its predecessors.

Americans never go back on what they have done. Their motto is progress in some form or another, and that is one reason why inventors have such a wide field. At least they would have if the Patent Office could depend absolutely on its officials. But the finest machine ever set a-going is dependent on its most insignificant screw, and the secret of an invention *has* sometimes leaped into the light of day before the seal of security was, as yet, affixed to the article or project invented.

New York is full of institutes and institutions of all sorts and descriptions: for art, for science, for charity, for health, for use, and for ornament; for societies secret and public; for education and edification—in short for everything the human mind can conceive. As yet, like Great Britain, it lacks an "In-

stitution of Commercial Integrity." Will that ever be founded, or ever find students ?

Education is more important to the mind of the ordinary American citizen than a knowledge of the fine arts. Hence for hundreds of schools and colleges and scientific institutes in and about New York, there is only one great art centre—that of the American Fine Art Society. It has located mural painters, architectural students, artists, and sculptors under one roof, and holds a yearly exhibition of their works.

Like our own Royal Academy, the Fine Art Society has the exclusive privilege of a Private View day, when admission can only be secured by permission of the secretary. One cannot but admire the readiness with which Americans adopt—or adapt—such foreign customs as lend any sort of prestige to any sort of function.

Besides this national academy, there is the Society of American Artists, founded 1877 ;

a National Sculpture Society, and an Art Students' League. Exhibitions and sales are held twice yearly at the Art Association galleries. Also there are occasional "private" exhibitions. Other views and exhibitions are given by art dealers who have acquired foreign pictures, or "old Masters."

In noticing American institutions I cannot omit the subject of clubs. They form a great feature of national architecture and national existence. They embrace various degrees of public life. Business men have their own special retreats; military, naval, literary, and dramatic clubs claim each a distinctive place, and a distinctive membership. Women also have social or professional clubs. The Colony and Barnard in New York, and the New England Women's Club and Somerset Club in Boston are possibly the most important. The County Club, at Chevy Chase in Washington, is a very charming mixed club, and includes golf among its attractions. The President frequents it,

I was told, in order to indulge in his favourite game. Possibly Washington society is too much engaged with its senators and its political wrangles to need club life as further relaxation. I heard of no special women's clubs in the capital, but there is the great Memorial Hall erected by the Daughters of the Revolution. This memorial represents a national society of women, and is commemorative of their deeds and services.

Boston naturally has more clubs and societies and unions and circles connected with women's work, and organised for women's benefit, than the commercial or political cities of the States; also its institutions and educational seminaries number more than those of its contemporaries. Boston seems to have every sort of club for every grade and sort of man and woman, whether they are intellectual or merely—unenlightened. I don't know if it possessed one bearing the stamp of the Century in New York, or the Athenæum in London. I was not informed

on that point. But I feel sure it does, or will own such a one.

America has every sort of institution for human need, or human aid. It proclaims a spirit of charity, despite the terrible tragedies of slum and tenement. It endows splendid hospitals, it organises departments of helpfulness, it is filled with philanthropic institutions built and endowed by private individuals.

The keen practicality of the American mind is constantly displayed in its public work. Nowhere is this better exemplified than in its provision for the army and navy.

They are for use, not ornament. Uniform takes a back seat in comparison with intelligence. The American soldier and the American officer have to work hard, and are not exactly the beauty show of European or English regiments. The nation at large does not play up to the vanity of its national protectors. They are to serve a purpose, and their only

decorations are the laurels won on the battle-field.

The War Department is, of course, situated in the capital. It embraces the Navy and the State, and possesses the largest and most magnificent offices in the world. Yet I never saw any military regiment or corps in the streets of New York, or Washington, or Boston. The American soldier is certainly not a street loafer, whatever else he may be.

In New York the most important force is that of the police. You are left in no doubt as to the existence of *that* protective institution. It is in evidence as you face the Custom House on arrival, as you pass through the streets, and as you signal car or "taxi." The mounted police of New York are a fine body of men, and their beautifully trained horses were always a source of joy to me, for as a rule the American horse is a poor, half-starved, overworked beast of burden. Rare was it to see a well-fed, well-cared-for animal between the shafts of any

public conveyance. I believe there is a Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in New York. Why do they not parade Lower Broadway and the City districts occasionally, and stop the overladen wagon or dray, and help the poor, lame, stumbling brutes that labour from morning to night in the cruel traffic of those regions? My heart used to ache for the misery I saw in the overdriven horse's patient eyes. And I had to tell myself I was in America's wealthiest and most important city!

The police regulate the traffic, arrest the too-eager chauffeur, and gossip in friendly fashion with the waiting "car-driver," but they never seem to heed the poor labouring horses stumbling under their heavy loads; beaten and cursed by brutal owners; sweating, toiling, tortured, with staring eyes and straining limbs—a sight to move any heart that throbs with common humanity!

The Chief of Police is an important functionary

in New York. He possibly knows more secrets of society than any other state official. But he is discreet. I saw more police in New York than in the other cities I visited. I was told that some time back the regulation of the street traffic was very bad, but certain officials had been sent to London to learn the art of controlling it. Now it is excellently managed, and it is quite possible to traverse the worst crossways and thoroughfares without risk of continuing your journey in a hospital ambulance.

After this brief allusion to matters military and civic I must glance at the still more imposing and important institution of the American Navy. The Navy Yard at Washington, situated on the east of the Potomac River, is one of those impressively simple yet extraordinarily useful establishments which perpetually meet American requirements.

I saw the famous "Long Tom," and many other trophies and relics of revolutionary days

and foreign victories. The gun shop gives a wonderful exhibition of machinery in operation. Great lathes are boring and turning the steel of the breech-loaders. The guns, brought here in their rough state, are trimmed, fired, cooled, and fitted in the most amazing manner. The operations of carrying the gun to its boring-lathe, and then to its machine for cutting the grooves inch by inch, foot by foot, through the length of the barrel, are so skilful, so gigantic, yet so smooth and easy of performance that it was with difficulty I turned from their inspection.

But there were other wonders to behold, other "institutions" to visit.

I should love to have gone over an American man-of-war, an armoured ship of the White Squadron, but it was not possible; and I had to content myself with the famous naval pictures of the Capitol. Washington possesses everything in the shape of public institutes for public service, public benefit, and past commemoration that mind can devise: libraries, galleries, monu-

ments, statues ; soldiers' and sailors' homes ; hospitals, arsenals, museums—the catalogue would fill a column.

If I have said anything to prove that whatever America does for her cities she does thoroughly and magnificently, I must also say that she does it for their lasting honour and her own.

With regard to " inventions," I am confronted at once by that curious quality of the Transatlantic mind—" 'cuteness." It no sooner detects a want than it hastens to supply it. The thing given may not adequately represent the thing required, but if only sufficiently advertised and pushed it will make the public believe in its efficacy. Hence—fortunes are made !

The old story of the wooden nutmegs is by no means so incredible as it sounds on first hearing. The inventor merely imagined that if you could invent a thing to look as *nearly*

like the real thing as possible, you had fulfilled the whole duty of an inventor.

Occasionally an inspiration does flash to the American mind. Sometimes he patents it, if he is of a trustful nature; sometimes he resolves to exploit it by his own single-handed efforts. If he succeeds he launches a company, or founds a "trust," and retires into dyspeptic millionairism. Occasionally his exploits land him—temporarily—in the chaste seclusion of the Tombs Prison. But even there he will devote his energies to evolving something else, equally necessary to human needs (American needs), so that he may at once set to work on making another fortune when he is free.

The spirit of the inventor is largely the spirit of America; something new, something extraordinary, something "'cute." A new medicine, a new fabric, a new way of using machinery, or exploiting capital; of "running" investments, or patenting burglary and arson, or, in fact, of dealing with any material fact or fiction

in colossal, hyperbolic fashion, appeals instinctively to that spirit. The inventor is always to the front in any great national scheme. He has a project, a suggestion, entirely novel and entirely calculated to make the rest of the unimportant universe "sit up." It is always great, it is always sure in his estimation, and —sometimes—he is right. There is no printing press with letters enough, no volume big enough, and no publisher with leisure enough to induce any one to compile a list of American inventions!

They deal with everything under the sun, and even above it, for the queer cults and faiths that bear religious signification have invented a new heaven as well as a new earth. For every need, for every desire, for every ambition, and for every physical ailment, there has been a supply or a remedy organised in the States. In fact, why any one is ever ill over there is a mystery. It is the land of patent medicines, and lightning cures; of miracles and

marvels. It is the land of wonderful body-building foods, and wonderful brain-destroying drinks. It puts the strangest assortment of viands on a table that ever mocked human nature, or poisoned human digestion, and its long-suffering population proceed to eat and drink and poison themselves with hilarious indifference. But all this is part of a helpful system. The strain of commerce sets up a strain on the human system. The strain of invention leads from the office desk to the restaurant kitchen. The cook invents for the doctor, and the doctor invents for the patient, and the undertaker invents for them all.

He can plan something novel for the millionaire, something appropriate for the *chef*, and something professional for the *medico*. So life runs merrily on to its appointed end!

In all the big stores of America there is a special counter set aside for what are termed

"Notions." It is in "notions" that the young inventor finds his chance, and may let himself go as he pleases. The queerest and oddest and yet the "'cutest" things are found at the Notion Counter. It is a study in the unexpected. A perpetual invitation of the "Try one" and "Try all" type.

But, taking one thing with another, the fertility and resource of the American inventor is marvellous. He deserves to succeed in all branches save that of the "kill or cure" patent medicine remedy. Its victims are numberless, and, too often, of the poorer classes; for cheap remedies appeal to those who can least afford to suffer. The "catch-penny cure" tempts its victims from the open page of journal and periodical as well as from the open fields. Far from being a benefactor to his country, the Patent Drug inventor is its most insidious foe. He plays havoc with constitutions, he assists or invents disease; and he sets up a craving for the drug store

and the store drug that is as fatal in its way as the drink traffic.

But he is safe and well protected.

He has found that the quickest road to fortune is that of the credulity of the human fools who are magnetised by advertisement. With them he deals, and they reward him with countless dollars, and the grateful thanks of mourning warehouses, and spectacular funeral providers.

One of the inventive specialists of America is the dentist. He is sometimes called a "gum architect," possibly because he builds "bridges" and repairs structural deficiencies. He has invented one truly hideous memorial to his own genius. It is the Gold Tooth. Why, oh why do American men and women glory in this sort of mural decoration? Is it because it is a proof of wealth? Assuredly it cannot be considered an ornament. Artificial teeth are supposed to supply a defect of Nature, and their

one and only aim should be to *resemble* Nature as closely as possible. But Nature never gave any one a gold tooth, or several gold teeth, to glitter amongst the ivory of a well-furnished mouth! I used to dread the first smile of a new acquaintance. The relief when there was no "expensive fixin's" was supreme.

I ventured to question some of my American friends on the subject, but it appeared never to have occurred to them as anyway remarkable. Gold fillings, gold "bridges," gold teeth, were a synonym for American dentistry. And *being* American dentistry, it was, of course, the only sort of dentistry worth the name.

The greatest of all American inventions is "bluff." Exactly what *that* means is best explained in the pages of Dickens, or by the operators of Wall Street.

An American humorist once wrote that the business of that illustrious commercial centre was conducted under a code of ethics worthy of the professional burglar. One must, of

course, take the statement as American humour, and worthy of a nation who claim "poker" as a representative national game. Still, a "deal" on the Stock Exchange is a pretty stiff thing to pull off. Every share bought must be paid for the same day. The American financier and the American stockbroker do not give credit, even to each other! Hence the invention of "bluff." It is a sort of sleight-of-hand method of giving money without the receiver ever getting it! But the transaction is so cleverly done that the trickster is rarely confounded with the trick. He "bluffs" you into a thing, and he "bluffs" himself out of it. If you were to call him a liar he would only laugh. He is smart and you are a fool. That is all.

After this I consider I have said enough about American inventions.

X

THE GRIT OF THE COUNTRY

X

THE GRIT OF THE COUNTRY

WHAT is the secret of America's greatness? What has raised her to a position so important, and so imperative?

That is a question one has to ask as one criticises or laughs at American doings, opinions, and habits. It is not an easy question to answer. Henry James tried to do it. H. G. Wells tried to do it. Many noted men and women of letters and of political and social importance have tried to do it. Theodore Roosevelt has tried to do it. Yet no satisfactory answer has been given.

Far, far back one goes to learn the history of pioneer and settler, of the stalwart fighter and the dogged emigrant. Then comes the history

of achievement; then that of pride and vainglory, and the cruel tyranny of race. Following these we turn the stained pages of a ruthless civil war, yet a war that brought out so much heroism and nobility that the stains are half obliterated by tears of sympathy and regret. It leaps to light again under the protection of a great Federal Republic. It proclaims union and liberty of thought, and announces a State as sufficient for itself in all matters connected with self-support. Industries, commerce, trade, invention, all spring to life like giants armed for conquest, and they conquer every opposition. With an activity unexampled, the great level-headed, far-seeing American continent displays to a wondering world its rapid growth to power and wealth.

"We have all we need in our own land," is the proud boast—"all that the need of man, the ambition of man, and the greed of man has decreed as necessary for man's welfare and importance. We are great!"

And in its pride and in its greatness this amazing country throws down the gauntlet of independence before all other countries. They may laugh, they may sneer, they may criticise, America cares nothing; and *that* for the one supreme reason that it is America. The name that stands for so much, whose dazzling bait draws all nationalities and all powers into its net of attraction; a name that men may one day whisper in fear, or in shame, but never, never in love. *There*—possibly—lies the weak spot; the loose link of the boasted armour.

There are countries one loves instinctively or protectively, just as there are people to whom one's heart goes out at once. But I cannot imagine any one—outside its own mixed polyglot race—loving America. Its people love it as a boast, not as an instinct; love it because they are drilled and educated into a belief that its name stands for every great and good and desirable thing the world holds.

To the American patriot (whether natural

or imported) America *is* the world. No other country or state of the inhabited globe can compare with it. What it does *not* possess is old-fashioned and useless. What it does, is all-sufficient.

That terrible mistake of the money standard for everything is the mistake of the United States to-day. It is the poorest standard a nation can hoist, and the least trustworthy. I was speaking of Carlyle to a wealthy New York publisher, and he only murmured deprecatingly, "I guess he only made six hundred dollars a year out of his royalties!" That was Carlyle's literary value to the American mind.

This man could tell you the "sales" of almost every known author, from George Meredith down to Laura Jean Libby! It was his standard of appreciation. And it is the same with other things. "How does it sell?" "Is there money in it?" Never a question of the good it might do, the genius it might aid, the ethical standard

of benefit. Only "How much can I, as an individual, make out of it?"

Applying this test to art and literature, to the things that grace and beautify the mind, one cannot wonder that American talent sinks to the commercial level.

I was told that the backbone of American prosperity was its great industries and its great commercial trusts. I had imagined just the opposite. Again I was told that the true democrat and the true republican did not hold with these huge monopolies, and were using every effort to restrain them!

Mr. Roosevelt was explained as a true Democrat, Mr. Taft as a true Republican. It needed an American mind to translate such contradictions. I gave up the struggle. To my own thinking the spirit of self-reliance is the existing force of American political life. But it has to bear a tremendous strain from time to time when the favour of party as well as the keen

eye of opposition tests it or criticises it. Yet again and again in the annals of statecraft, or war, or leadership, one comes across this spirit; a high-strung, powerful, keen-sighted force that is really and truly the spirit of America; the embodiment of theories, the maker of history.

It speaks out in the form of independence; it throws its halo around departed heroes; it lifts great names on high to its crowned Liberty; it works in the relation of the man to his State, and the State to the people. It is *the grit* of the true democrat showing itself beneath its modern garb of convention, the voice of one in the wilderness crying to the crowd of the city: "We ask no absolute power, we seek no licensed mob-ocracy. We work for personal liberty of thought and conscience—the individual in the Union; the freedom for which our forefathers fought and died." Right back in the heart of things lives this spirit, working for a noble end, developing citizenship, public good, public service, keeping the

forces of self-reliance for ever to the front, in the small township as in the larger state, in the poor or unimportant community as in the large and wealthy city; doing *something*, doing it well or ill, feebly or grandiosely, but doing it "all the time."

And this is the spirit which has made America great.

The importance of the individual is at once the first lesson America teaches, and the last it forgets. The embryo president of the United States lurks in the bosom or radiates through the ambition of the humblest citizen. You never know. You never can tell. A turn of fortune's wheel, a whisper in the right ear, an action at the right moment, and the trick is done.

The rough, boorish farmer, the petty shopkeeper, the pig-sticker of Chicago, the miner of the Klondyke, bring each his little lad from his own petty state to the great capital. They

bid him shake hands with the President of that capital as friend and countryman.

"You may be in his place one day, sonny," they say; and "sonny" answers, "You bet."

Then they take the long journey home cheerfully and patiently, and the tiny spark set alight in the boy's young breast smoulders on and on until the day arrives when self-assurance lands him into public life, and his name becomes a power in the land.

One man is *not* as good as another—always; the qualification stands for mental supremacy.

Not by its failures or its errors must this spirit of "grit" be judged. It has won success in the face of crushing obstacles. It has enabled America to assert herself and her independence. It has survived civil war and world-wide jealousies. It has given the New World much that the Old lacked: a race of pioneers and explorers, the hardy backwoodsmen, the enter-

prising zealot; great patriots, great generals, great leaders; a Washington, a Lee, a Cleveland, and a—Roosevelt. With the buoyancy of youth it has boasted; with the cool-headedness of manhood it has achieved.

Through sin and sorrow and bloodshed and turmoil this spirit has lived on, and will live on. It renews the soul of a people, sufficient for themselves, relying on themselves, and proud of themselves as well they may be!

The spirit of Grit—what finer thing can you find? Fenimore Cooper found it, Mayne Reid found it, Emerson found it, Bret Harte found it. Right through the land it runs like a streak of quicksilver to the magnet; quivering, leaping, shining, glorifying the rudest or simplest thing.

It is not a spirit of rashness. Only fools are foolhardy, and self-reliance is largely self-protection. It is not a spirit that leads men into the recklessness of a Balaclava charge, or is content to "heroise" for sake of a line of

poetry, or a national subscription to a monument by a national sculptor! It is a calm, strong, steady thing; progressing to a given end; relentless to weakness, unsparing to treachery.

The farmer of Kentucky has it, the cowboy has it, the American miner, woodcutter, pork dealer, oil or mining magnate may have it. And no one who does possess this spirit is ever unremarkable. Something he must *do*, something he must say, or teach, or write, that shall make him a power for present or future generations. It is this spirit that underlies the birth-throes of New Worlds in their first struggles to life. We—who are so old in traditions and memories—have forgotten our first efforts. The march of progress has been such a long march that the foot-tracks on the sands of time are faded or lost. And because we forget we are apt to be intolerant. We talk of "rush," when we should remember the unsparing energy behind it. We rebuke boastfulness, when we

might recall the parent's pride in the child whose hand it so recently held. That the child is a trifle too eager to stand alone is less a fault than a dislike of helplessness. Again—our old nations are getting tired of the toil and the long day's work. "Surely it is time to sit in the chimney corner and rest," say we. But the young, ardent souls across the sea scoff at the idea of rest—yet.

There is so much to do, to learn, to see, to achieve. Life is all before them; a never-ending mirage of glorious possibilities. In this tireless looking forward lies the secret of America's prosperity. It is not "What I have done," but "What I am going to do," that is for ever on her lips. The American is always producing, inventing, amplifying, enlarging, and doing it all with a whole-souled interest in results that sets fortune galloping along the race-course of national enterprise!

"We are young; we are strong; we are *great.*"

Yes, they are all this. The most casual visitor to their country cannot but acknowledge it. Possibly no Englishman or foreigner has any *real* conception of the tremendous resources or the tremendous wealth of America. If they visit the Treasury of the capital they will open their eyes.

It is the bank of the nation; the storehouse of its financial supplies. In the cash room the daily transactions run into millions. In another department new money is made; in another old is exchanged for new; in a third the old is destroyed and finished with.

The process of counting, printing, numbering, and sealing the notes is most interesting, and visitors are permitted to see these varied processes under the custody of an official. Almost all the work is done by women—another surprising fact.

In the vaults of this great building are strong safes containing the bonds, the gold and silver currency, and the Gold Reserve Fund.

The Treasury is obliged to hold a reserve of $100,000,000 in *gold*, to the credit of the United States.

When a new President is elected a new Treasurer also assumes office. Then all the money in these various vaults is counted by a special committee. It is a task of three months' duration. At its conclusion the new Treasurer gives a receipt to his predecessor for the sum delivered to his keeping. The figures are so colossal they make one's brain reel! If America had to go to war to-morrow she need not borrow a cent for supplies. She could equip navy or army without trouble from her own stores of treasure. She could finance half Europe and be none the worse herself. She is the richest country in the world, and she is the youngest, and she was once—ours.

How many statesmen have gnashed the'r teeth over England's bygone error in losing so valuable a possession, and how many a President and financier have laughed in their sleeve at

England's difficulties with her colonies and her allies. For though it suits politicians to bluff, there is not too much goodwill between the two countries. Canada is loyal to the core despite the indifference the mother-country has displayed, but the United States have no reason to be loyal and every reason to be aggressively patriotic. If an English politician visited the States during the frenzied orgies of an election he would learn some surprising things; possibly some useful ones. But, as a rule, he is too occupied with home affairs to examine them in the light of other opinions.

The main "grit" of America is centred in its workers, not its talkers. Of course the latter would make you think otherwise, if you did not use your eyes as well as your ears. But the true American has found out that there are better things than money, a purer love than the love of Dives, and for sake of them and what his country may make of them he opposes a stern integrity and a fine common

sense to the shallow pretences of the financial bluffer, and all the terrible crew of rowdies and ruffians who play havoc with the magnificent theories of independence.

XI

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AMERICA

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WHENEVER I met an American and had answered that first question—"What do you think of us?"—to their satisfaction, I was sure to be asked if I saw any difference between the way they lived, spoke, ate, drank, moved, and had their being, and the way we, in our poor old-fashioned country, performed the same duties. I could not truthfully answer their appeal as they wanted it answered. As I have already said in one of these articles, America might be a foreign country, so wide is the difference between its manners, speech and customs, and our own.

I think, too, that we on our side and they

on theirs would get on a great deal better if we resolved to look upon ourselves as strangers instead of relatives. We should then judge each country on its own merits instead of from the false standard of supposed similarity. There *is* no similarity, or, at least, so little that it is not worth taking into account. But there are tremendous differences. Therefore the best method of understanding each other is to throw prejudice overboard, and to treat each other as we treat any foreign nation whom we are visiting or criticising.

We don't say of the Germans, or Italians, or Russians, or Turks, or Esquimaux, "Why don't you do everything as we English do it?" Why then should we always be judging of America by its difference from, or likeness to, ourselves?

At first I made this mistake. But I soon found it out, and was all the more comfortable for the discovery. I gave up expecting to find English bedrooms, English furniture, English

food, and English table manners. The Germans and the French, the Swiss and the Chinese, have each their own quaint methods of eating and drinking; why should not the free-and-easy American have the same?

Again, in a foreign country we accept foreign food. We don't look for bacon and eggs and well-made tea for breakfast in France. We accept coffee, and *petit-pains*, and make our lunch our *déjeûner*. America gives us "dish-water" for tea, and leather for bacon, and we say, "Oh, how much better the food is in England!" Instead of that we should eat fruit, and drink iced water, and then plunge into a repast of steak, chops, fish, omelettes, and coffee, and be thankful we have an appetite, and are in—say—New York.

To go further, the picturesque American language is specially adapted to American needs. It is rapidly enunciated, forcibly expressed, and only casually permeated with slang. Well, why not learn it as we learn French

idioms, and Swiss *patois*, and Italian dialects ? Why not become simply assimilative instead of prejudiced ? It is the same with other matters. When we see a Frenchman dressed in chess-board tweeds, or a Frenchwoman in tartan-patterned skirts, we only say " How French ! " Therefore when we view the shoulder-cushions of an American coat, the curiously baggy, slovenly effect of the American trouser, why don't we say " How American " !

At least, we *do* say it, but they don't like us to say it. They want us to say " How English ! Surely those clothes must have come from Bond Street, or Piccadilly."

This creates a prejudice at once. If an Englishman goes to an American tailor and is measured, fitted, and supplied in American fashion, he does not walk through London expecting his friends to say " Bond Street " or " Piccadilly." He is content to bear the stamp of Cook's coupons. Let each country have its due.

Of course with women the etiquette of clothes varies. They are such ardent copyists and such slaves to fashion that one country is apparelled very much like another. The material may vary, but not the style.

Again, we in the Old Country have a preference for quiet home life, artistic surroundings, leisured hours for reading, refinement in all matters appertaining to the table; simplicity in street dressing; luxury without display. Such qualifications are altogether wanting in the average American's life. But they don't realise it, even after a trip to Europe, or a week's stay in an English country house. Well, why expect it of them, and why persist in telling them that they are just like ourselves when we know they are not? They are simply *themselves*; as purely American as the Frenchman is French, and the German is German.

These facts should be recognised and understood, and then we would exchange visits on

quite a different footing. Possibly we should also enjoy them much more. When I found that an American restaurant furnished me with a slice of roast beef an inch thick and of sanguinary hue as an *English* dish, or with two eggs and a small basin to break them into as American, I at once refrained from ordering English roast beef, or American eggs. I reverted to grape fruit, and "clam-chowder," to soft shell crab, and French *entrées*, and was well satisfied. In like manner it is unwise of the American to demand "corn-cob" or "clam-chowder" or "terrapin" in the Strand, or even at the Ritz. He should accept the delicately cut slice of properly cooked beef, or the succulent chop from the "grill," or the well-made crisp toast, with the gratification of a foreigner eating foreign food and surprised that it is—eatable.

I might go on in this style *ad infinitum*, giving points "all the time" for some spirited American journalist to do "England through

American eyes." I am sure it would be vastly amusing and instructive.

I tried to find some such book or criticism in the States, but the only one I *did* discover was a small paper-backed volume, purporting to deal with the visit of a *plain* American to England. Why plain? I wondered. The humour of this volume was less conspicuous than its grammatical deficiencies. The author frankly declared that he had written it in order—for once in his life—to have free and full opportunity of using the pronoun "I."

If he was an American I cannot understand that he had ever lacked such an opportunity—or been driven to literature to provide it.

He then went on to state the "egg difficulty" at an English breakfast-table. But why he imagined that one had to "swing a knife freely at the egg in order to decorate the hostess's *walls*" I cannot understand. Is it possible that no American has been taught—even by observation—how to use an egg-spoon?

The traveller next gives a description of a house party in England, and is considerate enough to burden himself with "gold pieces" (think of it!) so as to "help set up the maids and valets in a business of their own." Here the writer tumbles headlong into a second blunder. The "maids" and "valets" are in the service of the respective visitors—not of the hostess. They neither expect nor receive tips. If he had said the butler and footman, or the chauffeur and gamekeeper, he would have been on safe ground. But again this proves what I have been saying, that we must treat each other as a foreign nation in order to understand each other's customs.

The American author next goes "pheasant shooting"; but not to shoot, as he had been informed that to bring a "gun" of your own meant more tipping, and higher fees than a merely wealthy American cares to disburse.

He describes the pheasant run as a big chicken yard (of course, an American chicken yard!).

There were hundreds of birds feeding on "scraps" (what does that mean?) and grain thrown to them by the keeper. The American concluded that the pheasant run was a sort of poultry business, because he had seen these birds hanging up in the markets for sale *at low prices*, and had *bought* their eggs at swell restaurants at high ones.

Good Heavens! Could anything prove the "foreigner abroad" more conclusively? Since when have "swell" English restaurants taken to *sell* pheasants' eggs? Is it possible our foreign friend has confused the words "supply" with "sell," and "pheasant" with "plover"?

He next expresses surprise that an English host and hostess do not come to the door of their country mansion to welcome the arriving guest! He does not recognise the fact that arriving guests are better to look at when they have removed the dust of travel, and dispensed with veils and wraps and dust-coats. The same

thing is done in America, in good society (The Four Hundred, Limited !).

The enterprising writer then describes how his bag is opened by a house servant, and its contents displayed for the owner's humiliation. But *why* does he arrive at a smart English country house with "old worn underclothes" and "patched suspenders"? Surely the fact of gravely arranging these articles in appropriate drawers or cupboards is more to the credit of the valet than that of the owner.

Next he inquires "if the bathroom is far away?"

Here I am quite in sympathy with him. The American hotel and apartment house have a splendid arrangement of bath and hot-water service. But then the American hotel and apartment house are just the latest thing in modern inventions. An English country mansion, dating one, two, even three centuries back, cannot compete with such inventions without reconstruction. To set up adequate

heating arrangements, to have a bath in every dressing-room would be impossible. The owner, therefore, prefers to leave his house to its traditional old-fashioned discomfort. Any millionaire can have *new* things. It takes a fine old English family to be content with old ones.

Then our American friend goes on to complain of not being introduced to "everybody." It is an American custom, but not an English one. Have I not tried to point out the differences between the two countries? Not being introduced, he is then passed off to the "partner" he is to take in to dinner. He notes that the "animals go in two by two" according to position. The big swell heads the march, the moderate swell is in the middle, and the plain "scrub" (this is untranslatable) "trails in like the last run of shad in May."

And we pretend that the Americans are not a foreign nation!

I wish that this bewildered traveller had

given more details about that house party, but he only concludes that it was a "terrible position for a free-born citizen of Ohio, U.S.A., to find himself amongst British ladies and gentlemen with his country's reputation resting upon his shrinking shoulders."

An American, and with "shrinking shoulders"! Is it possible? What had become of national assurance, national pride, traditions of equality —*and* American tailors?

The description of the next morning is very funny, when the American is wakened from slumber by the entrance of "a young lady dressed in simple yet becoming costume"; not a "help," or a "coloured girl," or a chambermaid. We are in England now, and an ordinary housemaid becomes a "young lady" to our foreign cousin. The "lady" draws up the blinds, and then asks if the guest would like tea.

It surprises him as much to be offered tea at 8 o'clock in the morning, as it surprises us in

America not to be offered it at all. That the guest finds the toast made of *motor-tyre* fabric is just what an American would say of our English crisp, thinly-cut toast. In America it is two inches thick, and scored over with black bars as if it had been grilled on a gridiron!

Next the young lady brings in a huge round polished *zinc* bath! I feel sure our friend is wrong again. We have enamelled baths, and porcelain baths; we have hip baths, plunge baths, foot baths, and shower baths, but I have never seen a *zinc* bath in any *private* house or English country mansion!

Then follows a description of the aforesaid bath. It now becomes a "zinc pan" eighteen inches in diameter with a "bilge keel" (even a dictionary is hopeless where *this* special foreigner is concerned!). The young lady has left two "pails" of water beside this pan, and the enterprising traveller endeavours to do "acrobatic feats in tepid water with a damp atmosphere of 40 degrees, in a stone-walled

room with the concentrated cold of four hundred or more long years hermetically sealed in its diameter ! "

(Our friend *has* got into proper typical British feudalism, and no mistake about it !)

But of all things that seem to astound and confuse him in the old country the most astounding is that his *boots can be cleaned for him !* Now at last he recognises the difference between slavery and freedom. In the United States you may put your boots outside your bedroom door from one week's end to another and you will find them in exactly the same state of mud and dust every morning. No American hotel-servant, coloured or uncoloured, will clean boots ! He has not come to America to be a slave to any other sort of fellow-man. The first clause in the Law of Independence is the law that you shall not indulge in boot-blacking except as a " profession." You may set up a " shine parlour " ; you may humiliate a free-born citizen by exposing him on a bench in

the street in the undignified position of undergoing a "five-cent shine," but clean his boots in the old accepted household fashion of Europe you must never, never do!

Hail Columbia! The stars and stripes have it all the time!

An American lady told me that she had been some twenty times across to the "other side," and still couldn't say "Really!" or "Indeed?" as we manage to say them—with a "cold-shiver-down-the-back-effect, that sort of makes you feel you're not wanted."

If an American desires you to know you are not wanted he tells you so. His phrase is brief and emphatic. He just says "Git!" This saves time, and keeps up the standard of independence.

In how many hundreds of small ways we differ, our foreign cousins and ourselves! In accepted standards of social importance; in household arrangements; in the cheerful tolera-

tion of insolence from the lower classes; in the perpetual lowering of self-esteem; in the way we eat and drink and clothe ourselves and amuse ourselves; in our respective views of life and the way to live it; our knowledge or ignorance of art; our standard of good manners or good breeding; our attitude towards genius and celebrity; our distinction between the moral side of business and the commercial profits thereof; our gifts and graces of speech; our likes and dislikes; our pride and our dignity; our instincts of refinement, and our free and easy acceptance of fork-and-knife equality. In fact, we are so different in our alikeness, and so unlike in our difference that I must again fall back upon my original idea of foreign relationship.

Let the English traveller accept novelties as the natural products of a new country, but do not let him fall into the error of imagining he is going to find an exact copy of the old. If he does he will be disappointed, and possibly become—critical.

Once I began to look upon America as the very antithesis of England, I grew quite at ease with its charming people. I even grew tolerant of the unnatural-looking landscapes and the wooden shanties. I gave up expecting thatched cottages, neat homesteads, leafy avenues, lordly parks. I ceased to look for the neat fences and trim hedges and charming gardens of the English country. It was all different, but interesting; and oh! how I appreciated that lovely English country when I saw it again!

"Don't you think the English country beautiful?" I asked an American, who had been back and fore countless times.

"I guess you ha'n't got any *villages*," he answered.

"Villages?" I repeated in surprise, for surely the English village is as much a part of England, as the wooden shanty is of America.

"Yes," he went on, "villages like we have home."

I found he meant the straggling wooden towns and the terraces of wooden houses scattered through the length and breadth of the States.

"No, thank goodness, we haven't!" I said.

"Your country is all under cultivation, every mile of it," he went on. "Looks as you'd been rolling the grass, and sowing the grain, and grazing the cattle since the world began. Now in the States you can travel hundreds of miles and not find an acre of cultivated ground. We don't set such store on it as you do. When we want wood, we cut down our trees. When we want grain, we go West and grow it. When we want cattle, we just *lo*cate a district, or set up a ranch, and give ourselves up to the supply. We don't need to chop up every little bit of land into farms and homesteads. We concentrate. You kind of spread."

If this is any explanation of the difference between the two countries, agriculturally considered, I am pleased to offer it.

XII

GENERAL REFLECTIONS

XII

GENERAL REFLECTIONS

LET nothing I have said be taken in bad part. It is only the impression of one mind—only the view of one pair of eyes.

I sat in my deck-chair on the great liner, and reflected on American experiences. I looked out on the rolling width of ocean, and marvelled that the "foreign cousin" is so fond of visiting his relatives. To and fro, year after year, he comes to stay with us, or sell to us, or teach us some new way of performing old tricks. In business as in pleasure the American is for ever with us, and the barriers of past strife have been overthrown. To him we owe our advertising equipment, our wonderful "drug stores," our flaring, glaring boot and shoe

depots, our dental *parlours*, and even our new duchesses! Our shops cater for the American visitors, and our prices have been adapted to dollar currency for American comprehension.

They do not show us the same courtesy on their side. We still have to plough our way through the mysteries of dirty "greenbacks" and the perpetual accumulation of the ten-cent and five-cent piece. But progress has nothing to do with petty international differences. Besides, John Bull is such a fool! He just lets the cheeky cousin take his goods, his literature, his inventions, and his investments, and turn them into American copyrights, or American profits. After all, what do such things matter? "Each for himself" and—well, the rest of the proverb is the true interpretation of success. The one for the one, and the whole for the whole, and out of it you may evolve a great nation.

True, that nation has split itself into internal hostilities; true, it never has and never *can*

possess the sense of loyalty which unites England and its colonies into one sentiment for one ruler; but it has proved that a Republic has a spirit of its own, and that spirit is leavening the seething mass of population into a truer knowledge of fraternity, a truer development of life.

The soul of a people is for time to evolve, even as the manhood of the man must work up through the immaturity of the child.

It is only when one looks at the recent childhood of America that one realises its amazing growth to maturity. And it is still young, still at college, so to say; still capable of learning, and of readjusting itself to new dignities. An American writer has said that the men who framed the Declaration of Independence were not creating a new state of things for America, but recognising them as already created. They met the need of an authoritative Constitution later. It is rather a fine thing to picture the spirit of Liberty

brooding over the consciousness of a newborn world. Rather a fine thing to picture the strong, self-reliant powers of a people bursting the fetters of past conventions, and resolving to be their own makers, their own rulers, their own defence. While turmoil and bloodshed were rending the cities of Europe, a winged goddess descended upon the new land and engendered a new life. A century later, an age of reason and reflection tempered the fierce passions of conquest, and with a knowledge of higher duties came the desire of enlightenment. Now this wonderful country stands equipped on every side; commercially, industrially, educationally, and intellectually.

What is there that America cannot do? What is there that America may not do? These are questions that arise insensibly after even such a brief survey as these pages contain.

For the strange thing about America is that it did not achieve liberty in the fashion of older republics. It recognised it as part of

itself—a living, conscious fact only seeking recognition. At least that is what Lincoln declared if we translate his phrase "A nation conceived in liberty" in its true sense. The feeling was there; the spirit was there; the legalised framework of a Constitution simply established it on a judicious basis. And this spirit has grown into power, swiftly yet gradually. It demands recognition not only throughout the length and breadth of the great American continent, but in the archives and council chambers of the world at large. Is there a country worth the name where America has not ambassador, products, and a floating population of people? Is there a nook or corner of the earth where her name is unknown? Is there a poverty-stricken nation to whom that name does not whisper of El Dorado, and tempt with golden spells?

How has it been accomplished? What birthright had this hydra-headed giant that sent it leaping full-armed into the pulsing life of revolt

and conflict; crowned it with its own supremacy, and gave it a sovereignty of worth, not of accident? No one can answer. It is the fashion to laugh at America, to ridicule America, to criticise America; but there are not wanting those who fear America; fear its large and tranquil confidence, its mighty energies, and its mighty wealth.

It has gathered tribute of blood and race from all other living races; the best as well as the worst. It has shown it can make laws and defend them. It has tested the worth of its chosen rulers by their own deeds. It has boasted largely, but it has also performed largely.

The essence of bravado is still latent in the American citizen, but it is tempered now with a citizen's dignity, and a citizen's pride. They have constituted self-government as a nation's rightful inheritance, and the world at large acknowledges their right.

The Americans have a sort of cyclopædia

which is called "Who's Who in America." It contains the biographies of some sixteen thousand celebrated persons—lawyers, doctors, authors, bankers, preachers, and millionaires. The most noteworthy fact about the names is that 86 per cent. are those of native Americans. Some of them profess to have a majority of *three* generations of American ancestry. From these ancestral families the aristocracy is formed; not necessarily a wealthy one, but a refined and cultured community. They possess the free and frank charm and the hospitable instincts of their country, with just a little added distinction that other countries are quick to recognise. They resent hostile criticism, though they should be the very first to acknowledge how deserved it is. For there is no more detestable human being on the face of the earth than the really vulgar American. He is suppressed in his own country, but he "lets himself go" when he leaves it, and he has done more to discredit his nation and himself

than the veriest ruffian who haunts a bar parlour, or runs a dime-museum of frauds and freaks!

I cannot go lower in the social scale than *these* specimens.

An American President must be American born, bred and educated. He need not have an ancestry of more than two generations, but he is usually provided with four.

When Theodore Roosevelt was President, the Republic became so refined and so exclusive that it even gave his daughter the prefix of "Princess." Why—no one seemed to know. She certainly did not look more like a princess than a pretty woman; more like a royal personage than any other young American citizeness—but there it is. America *will* occasionally break out into a revolutionary attitude towards existing platitudes. It takes a fancy to a title and annexes it, just as a free and enlightened millionaire will take the trouble of hunting up a crest, and then affixing it in full-blown glory

of *coat-of-arms* and motto upon the panels of his carriage or his automobile.

These inconsistencies are very perplexing. Surely if an American is proud of his Republic he would never wish to go against its principles! Yet a weakness for titles, for ancestral possessions, (other people's,) as well as a slight jealousy of rightful owners of such useless institutions, is a very marked feature of American social life and its new aristocracy!

About twenty million of foreign persons have come to the States in the last half-century, and more keep on coming every year.

The present population is estimated at ninety millions. I wonder in what proportion the alien races stand to the native-born product? Of course immigration is conducted on very different principles in America from the methods of other countries, and Ellis Island is usually an eye-opener to the steerage passenger to El Dorado. But the accepted emigrant is soon

transformed into American material by an ingenious process, and his children are citizens of the New World from the hour of birth. The new patriot and the young patriot are the strongest personal advertisers of the Republic. They rather overdo it—as when they crowd the docks to welcome the incoming, or speed the outgoing, liner. Also when they consider it necessary to display their absurd pocket-handkerchief flags on sighting English soil, or occupying an English bedroom.

We don't go about waving our Union Jack in the streets and hotels of America. But I am forgetting again. I promised to leave comparisons alone.

The general character of the American people is less composite than it might be, considering the queer admixture of races brought to bear upon its composition. This seems to prove that the true essence of Americanism has never been lost. We look back at the admixture of

Puritanism with the gay strain of Cavalier blood; the stolid Hollander with the light French race; the Quaker of William Penn's times with the patriot of the Happy Fatherland; the violent, hot-blooded Irish and the calm, thrifty Scot; the aristocrat of Virginia, and the slave-owner of plantation days in Carolina. Yet despite the blending of these races and breeds and religions and adventurists the spirit of America has lived behind all, and lives on to the present century.

The ultimate significance of the country played its part in the patriotism of the early settlers. The result is the America of to-day!

What personal energy, what strenuous zeal has gone to the making of America! What hope of something unseen yet glorious withal has underlain each new achievement! Surely when state calls to state and power to power, when the humblest citizen or the greatest is alike free to visit his capital and touch his President's

hand, surely this spirit thrills the heart of the individual, and calls to the united forces of the people!

When they translate liberty by self-reliance, and freedom by self-sufficiency, and power by self-government, are they very boastful or only very wise? Are they as much ahead of prejudices as they are behind socialism in actual national existence?

Is independence the greatest and most glorious possession for a nation, or for an individual? Is Emerson speaking out the greatest inspiration of American confidence when he says "We will work with our own hands; we will walk on our own feet; we will speak our own minds."

With such a resolve as backbone for a Constitution, one cannot wonder that America is inclined to boast—inclined to set its torch of freedom higher than its crowned Liberty. It is only because those words "freedom" and "liberty" have been so misunderstood and so misapplied in the earlier as in the later chronicles

of the States of America, that all its mistakes have arisen.

In political controversies there is always one side to clamour for right, and another side to clamour for its abandonment. There are not wanting those who assert that the famous Declaration can be construed into just what the individual Macchiavelli of politics chooses to make of it. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness according to each man's inclination are dangerous as well as delightful privileges. But to secure these rights some governing power has to be established, and when the individual is governed and law-ridden and state-managed, he is not *free*.

So whether the figurehead of control wears a crown, or merely a silk hat, whether he rules by majesty of divine right or by the elective voice of a universal suffrage, he is still a ruler, and as such stands one degree higher, is one degree more important, and a few degrees more powerful than the rest of his subjects, or his State.

Possibly in matters appertaining to the people, a constitutional ruler has less to say than an electoral one. But the moneyed plutocrat, who is such a tremendous power in America, can so mould political machinery that it may be used for a faction, or a "Ring," and end in overthrowing the power that is best for the nation by establishing the power most useful to that "Ring."

Bad men control votes, influence politics, and upset the share market as easily and more frequently than good patriots. We have had proof and to spare of this during Presidential and Representative elections.

There are times when principle and conscience are "up to win," and times when faction and coercion are to the fore. It is at such times that the true spirit of Republicanism should appear, encouraging the feeble, bracing the weak, and carrying high above the strife and turmoil its banner of fair play. That banner is the one most needed to be displayed on all public and

political occasions. It is the one and best translation of liberty. "Play the game!" Play it straight and with clean hands, no matter whether the issue be victory, or defeat. Play it in sport, in commerce, in political wrangles as in intellectual struggles. Let the best man win and be glad that he *has* won, not forgetful of the powers that favoured him.

President Roosevelt spoke once of the "fair deal for everybody." The spirit of the people answered him for a time, but the spurt of energy, like the spurt of enthusiasm, is short-lived. The old ways, the old methods are easiest. Old habits are the hardest to break; and, after all, is any ideal ever realised?

Majestic and dominant, the great statue of Liberty stands out to greet the stranger to her shores; holds hand of greeting to returning patriot or travelled citizen who is saying to himself, "There *are* a few things that the

Old Country could teach us, proud and self-satisfied as we are!"

And it is just those "few things" that make all the difference between England and America; just those "few things" that keep us bristling and antagonising instead of being sympathetically comprehensive. It is just those "few things" that make us laugh at pretensions, and scoff at moneyed arrogance.

Is there a nation left so free to pursue ideals, and so protected in the enjoyment of life and liberty as the American nation? But is it happier, freer, wiser, *better* than any other nation?

This is a question for the individual and the community to answer as they will. It has nothing to do with my opinions, or my criticisms—or my mistakes.

. . . . . .

The statue of Liberty gave me first greeting in the golden sunshine of the New World, and to it I sent my last farewell as the mists enclosed

it on my departure. I salute it now in memory as I write these last lines in my own land; and I repeat here what it seemed to say to me, "I am the emblem of great things achieved; the promise of Greater Things yet to be done."

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Printed by Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury

Telephone—
2116 HOLBORN

Telegraphic Address—
"GUCIEN LONDON"

CLIFFORD'S INN,
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AUTUMN, 1910

The Amours of Henri de Navarre and of Marguerite de Valois. Lieut.-Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard, D.S.O. Author of "Sidelights on the Court of France" [see page 14], "Sporting Yarns," "The Regent of the Roués," etc. In one volume, demy 8vo, cloth gilt, with Photogravure Frontispiece and 16 full-page Illustrations printed on art paper, 16s. net.

Henri IV. of France, whose renown as a warrior is so well deserved, was also one of the most libertine princes of a libertine age. From youth until well on in middle age, his roving fancy was for ever being caught by the turn of a well-shaped ankle or the snowy frill of what Herrick calls "the tempestuous petticoat." It is of many of the fair and frail companions of Henri de Navarre that Colonel Andrew Haggard gives us most interesting details in this work, to obtain which he has sought for and consulted the records of contemporary chroniclers but little known to-day.

Among the most celebrated women of the court of France was Henri's first wife, the licentious and talented "Reine Margot." A woman so gifted and brilliant was nevertheless unable to retain the ardent passions of the valiant victor of Arques and Ivry. Marguerite, however, cast her fascinating spell upon most of the gallants of the day, and swayed alike the hearts of men and women with her sparkling wit and love of pleasure.

That the many amours of this brilliant princess were no less interesting than those of her brave but fickle spouse, will be readily apparent to the readers of this latest volume from the entertaining pen of the author of "Sidelights on the Court of France."

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SOME EARLY PRESS OPINIONS

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"No more vivid picture of life in the 18th Century could be presented than is given us by these letters, and much gratitude is due to the Duke of Argyll for the judgment with which they have been selected out of the voluminous correspondence in the possession of his family."—*Globe.*

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"These letters add materially to our knowledge of 18th Century life."—*Sunday Chronicle.*

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The author is well known as a critic and authority on photographic topics. He has had the assistance of Mr. Alvin L. Coburn in the preparation of this book. "The Artistic Side of Photography" is no rechauffé of what has already been written on pictorial photography, but it is quite the latest word on the artistic development of the movement. Starting with some most convincing chapters on the artistic quality of photography—a straight print from a straight negative—Mr. Anderson proceeds to show how the full quality of the medium may be brought out by the exposure and development; he shows, with the aid of diagrams, the focal length of a lens that is calculated to give good drawing and pleasing perspective; he devotes two chapters to composition, as applied to photography; he treats such questions as values, tone, selection of subject, at considerable length; he devotes chapters to colour rendering, portrait work, architecture, flower photography, etc., and ends with very simple and practical directions on taking, making and enlarging negatives.

From the commencement to the end the author takes a line that will appeal to painters, as well as the most progressive photographers; he does not try to clothe photography in the rules that were made for the older Arts, but treats it as an art "in the making."

The book is pleasantly written and interesting; and Mr. Anderson never shirks a difficulty, or leaves a point without making it perfectly clear. He illustrates his argument by reproductions of the finest works in pure photography produced by Messrs. Steichen, Stieglitz, Holland Day, Eugene and Coburn of the American School, Messrs. Evans, Cadby & Co., of England, and by Baron de Meyer and Mrs. Kasebier.

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The author has treated his subject in a delightfully light and interesting way, and the book will be of particular interest to travellers and students. Mr. Pennington has been a resident in the Republic for over 20 years, and is an authority on the subjects dealt with. He has contributed extensively to the local press during more than two decades, and his articles have ranged over many phases of Argentine History, Literature, Geography, Natural History, etc.

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To this fascinating biography of Giovanni Medici is added the little-known story of Giovanni's only son Cosimo, who, by his craft and cruelty, achieved the worldly success denied to the splendid hero of many battles, attaining the highest position a Medici warrior had ever reached, and becoming the First Grand Duke of Tuscany.

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Mr. Rafael Sabatini has undertaken the task of telling this tremendous and picturesque story. Ruthless, swift and terrific does Cesare Borgia appear in the pages of this engrossing biography, yet a man of sound judgment, as just as he was merciless—too just, indeed, for mercy—a subtle statesman and a military genius.

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This book gives a lively study of that quality of vanity which has from time to time during periods of peace been exemplified by the Macaronies, Fops, Bucks, Beaux and Dandies, a quality which manifested itself in an allied splendour of dress, sharpness of wit and love of gambling. One quality might predominate over another, as in the cases of Beau Nash, who worked laboriously for the attainment of wit, and Lord Alvanley, who was more noted for his wit than his dress, but the three were necessary for the individual to play the part.

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[*Ready Spring, 1911*

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